





Frontispice.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

599826

THE  
DISPENSARY.

A

P O E M,

In Six CANTO'S.

*By Sir Samuel Garth*

---

---*Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*  
Hor. de A. P.

---

The SEVENTH EDITION.

With several DESCRIPTIONS and EPISODES  
never before Printed.

---

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at Shakespear's  
Head, over-against Cathrine-Street in  
the Strand. 1714.





T. O.

Anthony Henley, Esq;



Man of Your Character  
can no more Prevent a  
Dedication, than he wou'd  
Encourage one; for Me-  
rit, like a Virgin's Blushes, is still most  
discover'd, when it labours most to be  
conceal'd.

# Dedication.

'Tis hard, that to think well of You,  
shou'd be but Justice, and to tell You  
so, shou'd be an Offence: Thus rather  
than violate Your Modesty, I must be  
wanting to Your other Virtues; and  
to gratifie One good Quality, do wrong  
to a Thousand.

The World generally measures our  
Esteem by the Ardour of our Pre-  
tences; and will scarce believe that  
so much Zeal in the Heart, can be  
consistent with so much Faintness in  
the Expressions; but when they reflect  
on Your Readiness to do Good, and Your  
Industry to hide it; on Your Passion  
to oblige, and Your Pain to hear it  
own'd; They'll conclude, that Ac-  
know-

# Dedication.

knowledgments wou'd be Ungrateful to  
a Person, who ev'n seems to receive  
the Obligations he confers.

But tho' I shou'd persuade my self to  
be silent upon all Occasions; those more  
Polite Arts, which, 'till of late, have  
Languish'd and Decay'd, wou'd appear  
under their present Advantages, and  
own You for one of their generous Re-  
storers: Insomuch, that Sculpture now  
Breaths, Painting Speaks, Musick  
Ravishes; and as You help to refine  
Our Taste, You distinguish Your Own.

Your Approbation of this Poem, is  
the only Exception to the Opinion the  
World has of Your Judgment, that  
ought to relish nothing so much, as

# Dedication.

what You Write Your self: But You  
are resolv'd to forget to be a Critick,  
by rememb'ring You are a Friend. To  
say more, wou'd be uneasie to You, and  
to say less, wou'd be unjust in-

Your Humble Servant.

---

T H E



## THE

# P R E F A C E.

**S**I NCE this following Poem in a manner stole into the World, I cou'd not be surpriz'd to find it uncorrect : Tho' I can no more say I was a Stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the Publisher's Precipitation in doing it : For a Hurry in the Execution, generally produces a Leisure in Reflection ; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the oftnest. However, the Errors of the Printer have not been greater than the Candor of the Reader : And if I could but say the same of the Defects of the Author, he'd need no Justification against the Cavils of some furious Criticks, who, I am sure, wou'd have been better pleas'd if they had met with more Faults.

A,

Their

## The P R E F A C E.

Their Grand Objection is, That the Fury *Disease* is an improper Machine to recite Characters, and recommend the Example of present Writers : But tho' I had the Authority of some *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, upon parallel Instances, to justifie the Design ; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent or hard, I started this Objection my self, to a Gentleman very remarkable in this sort of Criticism, who wou'd by no means allow that the Contrivance was forc'd, or the Conduct incongruous.

*Disease* is represented a *Fury* as well as *Envoy* : She is imagin'd to be forc'd by an Incantation from her Recess ; and to be reveng'd on the Exorcist, mortifies him with an Introduction of several Persons eminent in an Accomplishment he has made some Advances in.

Nor is the Compliment les to any Great Genius mention'd there ; since a very Fiend, who naturally repines at any Excellency, is forc'd to confess how happily They've all succeeded.

Their next Objection is, That I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau.

## The P R E F A C E.

I must own I am proud of the Imputation; unless their Quarrel be, That I have not done it enough : But he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copy'd him in nothing but in two or three Lines in the Complaint of *Molleffe*, *Canto II.* and in one in his First *Canto*; the Sense of which Line is intirely his, and I cou'd wish it were not the only good One in mine.

I have spoke to the most material Obje-  
ctions I have heard of, and shall tell these Gentlemen, That for ev'ry Fault they pre-  
tend to find in this *Poem*, I'll undertake to shew them two. One of these curious Persons does me the Honour to say, He approves of the Conclusion of it ; but I suppose 'tis upon no other Reason, but because 'tis the Conclusion. However, I shou'd not be much concern'd not to be thought Excellent in an Amusement I have very little practis'd hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easie to be lost ; its Pur-  
suit is painful, and its Possession unfruitful : Nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, 'till finding the Animosities among  
the

## *The P R E F A C E.*

the Members of the *College of Physicians* increasing daily ( notwithstanding the frequent Exhortations of our Worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this Nature, and to endeavour to Railly some of our disaffected Members into a Sense of their Duty, who have hitherto most obstinately oppos'd all manner of Union; and have continu'd so unreasonably refractory, that 'twas thought fit by the College, to reinforce the Observance of the Statutes by a Bond, which some of them wou'd not comply with, tho' none of 'em had refus'd the Ceremony of the customary Oath; like some that will trust their Wives with any Body, but their Mony with none. I was sorry to find there cou'd be any Constitution that was not to be cur'd without Poison, and that there shou'd be a Prospect of effecting it by a less grateful Method than Reason and Persuasion.

The Original of this Difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to Fury and Excess 'till the time of Erecting the *Dispensary*, being an Apartment in the *College* set up for the Relief of the Sick Poor, and manag'd ever since with an Integrity and Disinterest suitable to so Charitable a Design. If

## *The P R E F A C E.*

If any Person wou'd be more fully inform'd about the Particulars of so Pious a Work, I refer him to a Treatise set forth by the Authority of the President and Censors, in the Year 97. 'Tis call'd, *A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor.* The Reader may there not only be inform'd of the Rise and Progress of this so Publick an Undertaking, but also of the Concurrence and Encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most Ancient Members of the Society, notwithstanding the vigorous Opposition of a few Men, who thought it their Interest to defeat so laudable a Design.

The Intention of this Preface is not to persuade Mankind to enter into our Quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censur'd of taking any indecent Liberty with a Faculty he has the Honour to be a Member of. If the *Satyr* may appear directed at any particular Person, 'tis at such only as are presum'd to be engag'd in Dishonourable Confederacies for mean and mercenary Ends, against the Dignity of their own Profession. But if theie be no such, then these Characters are but imaginary,

## *The P R E F A C E.*

nary, and by consequence ought to give no Body Offence.

The Description of the Battel is ground-ed upon a Feud that happen'd in the *Dis-pensary*, betwixt a Member of the *College* with his Retinue, and some of the Servants that attended there to dispense the Medi-cines; and is so far real; tho' the Poetical Relation be fictitious. I hope no Body will think the Author too undecently re-flecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to Faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the Miscarriages of others. There is a Character in this trivial Perfor-mance, which the Town, I find, applies to a particular Person: 'Tis a Reflection which I shou'd be sorry shou'd give Of-fence; being no more than what may be said of any Physician remarkable for much Practice. The killing of numbers of Pa-tients is so trite a piece of Raillery, that it ought not to make the least Impression ei-ther upon the Reader, or the Person 'tis apply'd to; being one that I think in my Conscience a very able Physician, as well as a Gentleman of extraordinary Learning. If I am hard upon any one, 'tis my Reader: But some Worthy Gentlemen, as remark-able for their Humanity as their Extraordi-

nary

## *The P R E F A C E.*

nary Parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those Ingenious Gentlemen have done me a great Honour; but while they design an imaginary Panegyrick upon me, They have made a real one upon Themselves; and by saying how much this small Performance exceeds some others, They convince the World how far it falls short of Theirs.



---

The Copy of an Instrument Subscribed by  
the President, Censor, most of the E-  
lects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c.  
of the College of Physicians, in relation  
to the Sick Poor.

WHereas the several Orders of the College  
of Physicians, London, for prescribing  
Medicins gratis to the Poor Sick of the Cities  
of London and Westminster, and Parts ad-  
jacent, as also the Proposals made by the said  
College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen  
and Common Council of London, in pursuance  
thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that  
no Method hath been taken to furnish the Poor  
with Medicins for their Cure at low and rea-  
sonable Rates; we therefore whose Names are  
here under-written, Fellows or Members of the  
said College, being willing effectually to pro-  
mote so great a Charity, by the Counsel and  
good Liking of the President and College decla-  
red in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of  
us severally and apart, and not the one for the  
other of us) do oblige our selves to pay to Dr.  
Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the  
said College, the Sum of Ten Pounds a-piece  
of Lawful Mony of England, by such Pro-  
portions, and at such Times as to the major Part

af

of the Subscribers hereto shall seem most convenient: Which Money when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering Medicins to the Poor at their intrinsick Value, in such Manner, and at such Times, and by such Orders and Directions, as by the major Part of the Subscribers hereto, shall in Writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that Purprse. In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals this Twenty Second Day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, <i>Præses.</i>	Walter Mills.
Tho. Burwell, <i>Elect and Censor.</i>	Dan. Coxe.
Sam. Collins, <i>Elect.</i>	Henry Sampson,
Edw. Browne, <i>Elect.</i>	Thomas Gibson.
Rich. Torless, <i>Elect and Censor.</i>	Charles Goodall.
Edw. Hulse, <i>Elect.</i>	Edm. King.
Tho. Gill, <i>Censor.</i>	Sam. Garth.
Will. Dawes, <i>Censor.</i>	Barnh. Soame.
Jo. Hutton.	Denton Nicholas.
Rob. Brady.	Joseph Gaylard.
Hans Sloane.	John Woollafton.
Rich. Morton.	Steph. Hunt.
John Hawys.	Oliver Horseman.
Ch. Harel.	Rich. Morton, <i>Jun.</i>
Rich. Robinson.	David Hamilton.
Joh. Bateman.	Hen. Morelli.
	Walter Harris.
	William Briggs.
	Th. Colladon.
	Martin

Martin Lister.	Tho. Alvery.
Jo. Colbatch.	Rob. Gray.
Bernard Connor.	John Wright.
W. Cockburn.	James Drake.
J. le Feure.	Sam. Morris.
P. Sylvestre.	John Woodward.
Cha. Morton.	. . . Norris.
Walt. Charlton.	George Colebrooke.
Phineas Fowke.	Gideon Harvey.

The Design of Printing the Subscribers Names, is to shew, that the late Undertaking has the Sanction of a College Act; and that 'tis not a Project carried on by Five or Six Members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

---

To

---

---

## To Dr. G——th, upon the Dispensary.

OH that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein,  
Like M——gue's cou'd a just Piece sustain,  
Wou'd search the Grecian and the Latin Store,  
And thence present thee with the purest Oar.  
In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design,  
And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.  
Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit  
Does only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit;  
Who're gravely Dull, insipidly Serene,  
And carry all their Wisdom in their Mein.  
Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise,  
None will again Admire, most will Despise.  
Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing,  
How such a Poet's worthy such a King.  
When S——r's Charming Eloquence you Praise,  
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!  
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit  
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.  
Artists alone shou'd venture to Commend  
What D——s can't Condemn nor D——n Mend:  
What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease,  
The Beaux, the Ladies and the Criticks please.

TO MY  
FRIEND the AUTHOR,  
Desiring My  
Opinion of his POEM.

ASK me not, Friend, what I Approve or Blame,  
Perhaps I know not why I Like, or Damn;  
I can be Pleas'd; and I dare own I am.  
I read Thee ever with a Lover's Eye,  
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy;  
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.  
Criticks, and aged Beaux of Fancy chaste,  
Who ne'er had Fire, or else whose Fire is past,  
Must judge by Rules what they want Force & Taste.  
I wou'd a Poet, like a Mistress, try,  
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Nose, her Eye;  
But by some Nameless Pow'r, to give me Joy.  
The Nymph has G——n's, C——l's, C——l's Charm  
If with resistless Fires my Soul she warms  
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.  
Such is thy Genius, and such Art is thine,  
Some secret Magick works in ev'ry Line;  
We judge not, but we feel the Pow'r Divine.  
Where all is Just, is Beauteous, and is Fair,  
Distinctions vanish of peculiar Air.

Left in our Pleasure, we Enjoy in you  
Lucretius, Horace, S — d, M — gue.

And yet 'tis thought some Criticks in this Town,  
By Rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,  
Will Damn thy Verse, and Justifie their own.

Why, let them Damn: Were it not wondrous hard  
Facetious M — and the City B —

So near ally'd in Learning, Wit, and Skill,  
Shou'd not have leave to Judge, as well as Kill?

Nay, let them write; Let them their Forces join,  
And hope the Motly Piece may rival thine.

Safely despise their Malice, and their Toil,  
Which Vulgar Ears alone will reach, and will defile.

Be it thy Gen'rous Pride to please the Best,  
Whose Judgment, and whose Friendship is a Test.

With Learned H — thy healing Cares be join'd,  
Search thoughtful R — e to his inmost Mind:

Unite, restore your Arts, and save Mankind.

Whilst all the busie M — ls of the Town  
Envy our Health, and pine away their own.

When e'er thou wou'st a Tempting Muse engage,  
Judicious W — h can best direct her Rage.

To S — s, and to D — t too submit,  
And let their Stamp Immortalize thy Wit.

Consenting Phœbus bows, if they Approve,  
And Ranks thee with the foremost Bards above:

Whilst these of Right the Deathless Laurel send,  
Be it my Humble Bus'ness to Commend  
The faithful, honest Man, and the well-natur'd Friend.

Chr. Codrington.

---

---

## To my Friend, Dr. G——th, the Author of the *Dispensary*.

To Praise your Healing Art would be in vain;  
The Health you give, prevents the Poet's Pen.  
Sufficiently confirm'd is your Renown,  
And I but fill the Chorus of the Town.  
That let me wave, and only now Admire  
The dazzling Rays of your Poetick Fire:  
Which its diffusive Virtue does dispense,  
In flowing Verse, and elevated Sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish Verse,  
Which Poetasters ev'ry where rehearse;  
Will mend their Judgment now, refine their Taste,  
And gather up th' Applause they threw in waste.  
The Play-House shan't Encourage false Sublime,  
Abortive Thoughts, with Decoration-Rhime.

The Satyr of Vile Scribblers shall appear  
On none, except upon themselves, severe:  
While yours Contemns the Gall of Vulgar Spight;  
And when you seem to Smile the most, you Bite.

Tho. CHEEK.

---

TO MY  
F R I E N D,  
UPON THE  
DISPENSARY.

**A**S when the People of the Northern Zone  
Find the Approach of the Revolving Sun,  
Pleas'd and reviv'd, They see the new-born Light,  
And dread no more Eternity of Night:

Thus We, who lately as of Summer's Heat  
Have felt a Dearth of Poetry and Wit;  
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more  
From warmer Climes, to an ungrateful Shore.  
But You, the Favourite of the Tuneful Nine,  
Have made the God in his full Lustre shine;  
Our Night have chang'd into a Glorious Day;  
And reach'd Perfection in your first Essay:  
So the young Eagle that his Force would try,  
Faces the Sun, and tow'r's it to the Sky.

Others proceed to Art by slow Degrees,  
Awkward at first, at length they faintly please.  
And still whate'er their first Efforts produce,  
'Tis an Abortive, or an Infant Muse:

Whib

Whilst yours, like Pallas from the Head of Jove,  
Steps out full grown, with Noblest Pace to move.  
What ancient Poets to their Subject owe,  
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:  
You found it Little, but have made it Great;  
They could Describe, but you alone Create.

Now let your Muse rise with Expanded Wings,  
To sing the Fate of Empires, and of Kings;  
Great WILLIAM's Victories she'll next rehearse,  
And raise a Trophy of Immortal Verse:  
Thus to your Art proportion the Design,  
And Mighty Things with Mighty Numbers join,  
A Second Namur, or a Future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.



T H I





Can. 1.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO I.



PEAK, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that  
best canst tell,  
How ancient Leagues to modern Dis-  
cord fell;  
And why Physicians were so cautious  
grown

Of Others Lives, and lavish of their Own;  
How by a Journey to th' *Elysian Plain*  
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again,

Not far from that most celebrated Place,  
Where angry \* Justice shews her awful Face;  
Where little Villains must submit to Fate,  
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State;  
There stands a † Dome, Majestick to the Sight,  
And sumptuous Arches bear its oval Height;

\* Old Bailey. † College of Physicians.

A golden Globe plac'd high with artful Skill,  
Seems, to the distant Sight a gilded Pill :  
This Pile was, by the Pious Patron's Aim,  
Rais'd for a Use as Noble as its Frame :  
Nor did the Learn'd Society decline  
The Propagation of that great Design ;  
In all her Mazes, Nature's Face they view'd,  
And as she disappear'd, their Search pursu'd.  
Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddess lies,  
Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,  
But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.

Now She unfolds the faint, and dawning Strife  
Of infant Atoms kindling into Life :  
How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,  
And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.  
And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,  
By just degrees to harden into Bone ;  
While the more Loose flow from the vital Urn,  
And in full Tides of Purple Streams return ;  
How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,  
And dart in Emanations through the Eyes ;  
How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,  
To slake a feav'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs.  
Whence, their Mechanick Pow'rs, the Spirits claim,  
How great their Force, how delicate their Frame :  
How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain  
The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain.  
Why bileous Juice a Golden Light puts on,  
And Floods of Chyle in Silver Currents run.  
How the dim Speck of Entity began  
To exert its primogenial Heat and stretch to Man.

To how minute an Origin we owe  
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*, and the Great *Nassau*.  
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,  
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.  
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,  
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.  
 All Ice why *Lucrece*, or *Sempronius*, Fire,  
 Why *s* — rages to survive Desire.  
 Whence *Milo*'s Vigour at Olympick's shown,  
 Whence Tropes to *F* — or Impudence to *S* —  
 How Matter, by the vary'd shape of Pores,  
 Or Idiots frames, or solemn Senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,  
 How Body acts upon impassive Mind.  
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,  
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire:  
 Why our Complexions oft our Soul declare,  
 And how the Passions in the Features are.  
 How Touch and Harmony arise between  
 Corporeal Figure, and a Form unseen,  
 How quick their Faculties the Limbs fulfil,  
 And act at ev'ry Summons of the Will.  
 With mighty Truths, mysterious to descry,  
 Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

But now no grand Enquiries are descry'd,  
 Mean Faction reigns, where Knowledge shou'd preside,  
 Feuds are encreas'd, and Learning laid aside. }  
 Thus *Synods* oft, Concern for Faith conceal;  
 And for important *Nothings* show a Zeal:

*The Dispensary.*

The drooping Sciences neglected pine,  
 And *Pœan's* Beams with fading Lustre shine.  
 No Readers here with Hectick Looks are found,  
 Or Eyes in Rheum thro' midnight-watching drown'd:  
 The lonely Edifice in Sweats complains  
 That nothing there but sullen Silence reigns.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,  
 The God of Sloth for his *Asylum* chose.  
 Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,  
 Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods,  
 Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease,  
 With Murmurs of soft Riils, and whisp'ring Trees.  
 The Poppy and each numbing Plant dispense  
 Their drowsy Virtue, and dull Indolence.  
 No Passions interrupt his ease Reign,  
 No Problems puzzle his Lethargick Brain,  
 But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed,  
 And lazy Fogs hang ling'ring o'er his Head.

As at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay  
 Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.  
 A spiteful Noise his downy Chains unties,  
 Hastes forward, and encreases as it flies.

Frst, some to cleave the stubborn \* Flint engage,  
 Till urg'd by Blews, it sparkles into Rage,  
 Some temper Lute, some spacious Vessels move;  
 These Furnaces erect, and Those approve.

\* The Building of the Dispensary.

# CANTO I.

7

Here Phyals in nice Discipline are set  
 There Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet.  
 In this place Magazines of Pills you spy;  
 In that, like Forage Herbs in Bundles iye.  
 While lifted Pestles brandish'd in the Air  
 Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.  
 Loud Stroaks, with pounding Spice the Fabrick rend,  
 And Aromatick Clouds in Spires ascend.

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,  
 And swelling Sinews echoing Blows repeat;  
 From the *Volcano's* gross Eruptions rise,  
 And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies,

The slumb'ring God amaz'd at this new Din,  
 Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen.  
 Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,  
 Then falter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs

How impotent a Deity am I!  
 With Godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!  
 Thro' my Indulgence Mortals hourly share  
 A grateful Negligence, and Ease from Care.  
 Lull'd in my Arms, how long have I with held  
 The Northern Monarchs from the dusty Field.  
 How have I kept the British Fleet at Ease  
 From tempting the rough Dangers of the Seas.  
*Hibernia* owns the Mildness of my Reign,  
 And my Divinity's ador'd in *Spain*.  
 I Swains to *Sylvan* Solitudes convey,  
 Where stretch'd on Mossy Beds they waste away,  
 In gentle Joys the Night, in Vows the Day.

What Marks of wond'rous Clemency I've shown,  
 Some Rev'rend *Worthies* of the Gown can own.  
 Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,  
 Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face.  
 How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,  
 When big they strut behind a double Chin.  
 Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,  
 Aspiring to be venerably dull.  
 No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,  
 Or discompose their pompous Ignorance:  
 But undisturb'd, they loiter Life away,  
 So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.  
 Deep sunk in Down, they by my gentle Care,  
 Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air.  
 And leave to tatter'd \* *Crape* the Drudgery of Pray'r.



*Urim* was civil and not void of Sense,  
 Had Humour, and a courteous Confidence.  
 So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks;  
 'The hallow'd *Rose* declares him Orthodox.  
 He pass'd his easie Hours, instead of Pray'r,  
 In Madrigals, and *Phillising* the Fair.  
 Constant at Feasts, and each *Decorum* knew;  
 And soon as the *Dessert* appear'd, withdrew.  
 Always obliging and without Offence,  
 And fancy'd for his gay Impertinence.  
 But see how ill mistaken Parts succeed;  
 He threw off my Dominion, and wou'd read;  
 Engag'd in Controversie, wrangled well;  
 In *Convocation*-Language cou'd excel.

\* See *Boik Ent.*

In Volumes prov'd the Church without Defence,  
 By nothing guarded but by *Providence*:  
 How Grace and Moderation disagree;  
 And Violence advances Charity.  
 Thus writ 'till none would read, becoming soon  
 A wretched Scribler, of a rare Buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious Pow'r has try'd,  
 Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd.  
 And all I ask are Shades and silent Bow'rs,  
 To pass in soft Forgetfullness my Hours.  
 Oft have my Fears some distant *Villa* chose,  
 O'er their *Quietus* where fat *Judges* dose,  
 And lull their Cough and Conscience to repose:  
 Or if some *Cloyster's* Refuge I implore,  
 Where holy *Drones* o'er dying Tapers snore:  
 The Peals of \* *Nassau* Arms these Eyes unclose,  
 Mine he molests, to give the World Repose.  
 That Ease I offer with Contempt He flies,  
 His Couch a Trench, his Canopy the Skies.  
 Nor Climes nor Seasons his Resolves controul,  
 Th' *Æquator* has no Heat, no Ice the *Pole*.  
 With Arms resistless o'er the Globe he flies,  
 And leaves to *Zove* the Empire o' the Skies.

But as the slothful God to yawn begun,  
 He shook off the dull Mist, and thus went on.

\* 'Twas in this rev'rend Dome I sought Repose,  
 These Walls were that *Asylum* I had chose,

Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with Broils,  
And laugh'd at Heroes, and their glorious Toils.  
My Annals are in mouldy Mildews wrought,  
With easie Insignificance of Thought.  
But now some busie, enterprizing Brain  
Invents new Fancies to renew my Pain,  
And labours to dissolve my easie Reign.

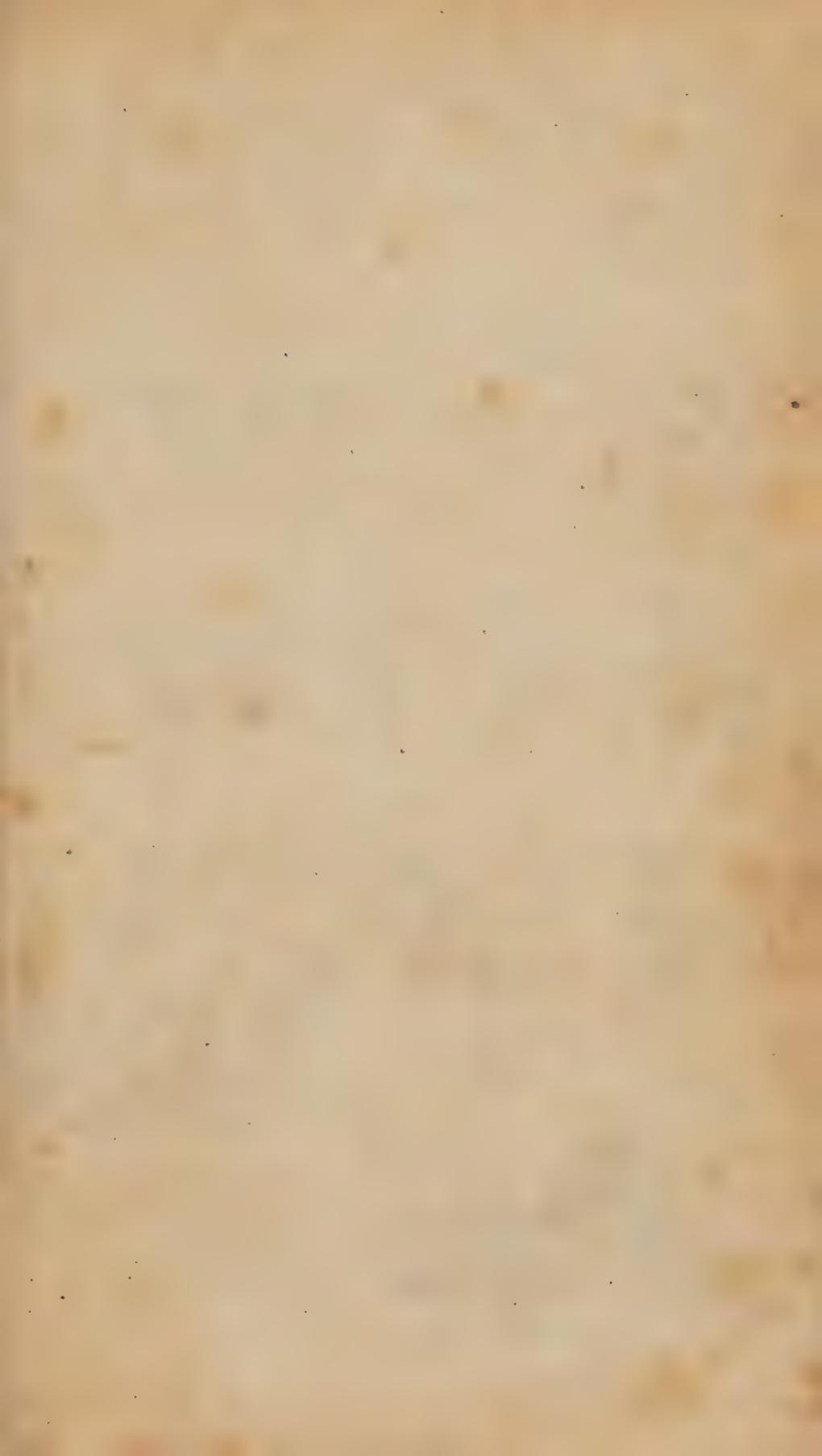


With that, the God his darling *Phantom* calls,  
And from his faltering Lips this Message falls:

Since Mortals will dispute my Pow'r, I'll try  
Who has the greatest Empire, they or I.  
Find *Envy* out, some Prince's Court attend,  
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd Fiend.  
Or where dull Criticks Author's Fate foretell;  
Or where stale Maids or meager Eunuchs dwell.  
Tell the Bleak Fury what new Projects reign,  
Among the Homicides of *Warwick Lane*.  
And what th' Event, unless she strait enclines  
To blast their Hopes, and baffle their Designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden Vapours rise,  
And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

THE





Can. 2.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO II.

**S**OON as the Ev'ning veil'd the Moun-  
tains Heads,  
And Winds lay hush'd in subterranean  
Beds;  
Whilst sick'ning Flow'rs drink up the  
Silver Dew,  
And Beaus, for some *Assembly*, dress anew;  
The City Saints to Pray'rs and Play-house haste;  
The Rich to Dinner, and the Poor to Rest:  
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with Care  
To slide on tender Pinions through the Air,  
Oft he attempts the Summit of a Rock,  
And oft the Hollow of some blasted Oak;  
At length approaching where bleak *Envy* lay,  
The hissing of her Snakes proclaim'd the way.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Yew,  
That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;  
No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight,  
But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite;

In a dark Grott the baleful Haggard lay,  
 Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day.  
 But how deform'd, and worn with spightful Woes,  
 When *Accius* has Applause *Dorsennus* shows.  
 The cheerful Blood her meager Cheeks forsook,  
 And Basilisks fate Brooding in her Look.  
 A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head ;  
 The Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed.  
 From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,  
 And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.  
*Volcano's* labour thus with inward Pains,  
 Whilst Seas of melted Oar lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order late  
 Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate :  
 Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance mis-led,  
 And clam'rous Faction at her Party's Head :  
 Restless Sedition still dissembling Fear,  
 And sly Hypocrisie with Pious Leer. \*

Glouting with sullen Spight the Fury shook  
 Her clotter'd Locks, and blasted with each Look,  
 Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,  
 Where Fame the A&ts of Demy-Gods enrolls,  
 And as the rent Records in pieces fell,  
 Each Scrap did some Immortal Action tell.

This show'd, how fix'd as Fate *Torquatus* stood,  
 That, the fam'd Passage of the *Granick* Flood ;  
 The *Julian* Eagles, here, their Wings display,  
 And there, like setting Stars, the *Decii* lay ;  
 This does *Camillus* as a God extol,  
 That points at *Manlius* in the Capitol ;

\* See Dryd. Fab.

How *Cochles* did the *Tyber's* Surges brave,  
 How *Curtius* plung'd into the gaping Grave;  
 Great *Cyrus*, here, the *Medes* and *Persians* join,  
 And, there, th immortal Battle of the *Boyn*.

As the light Messenger the Fury spy'd,  
 A while his crudling Blood forgot to glide:  
 Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,  
 And fal'r'ning Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.  
 At length assuming Courage, he convey'd  
 His Errand, then he shrunk into a Shade.

The Hag lay long revolving what might be  
 The blest Event of such an Embassie.  
 Then blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form,  
 So Light'ning gilds the unrelenting Storm.  
 Thus she — Mankind are blef'd, they riot still  
 Un bounded in Exorbitance of Ill.  
 By Devastation the rough Warrior gains,  
 And Farmers fatten most when Famine reigns;  
 For sickly Seasons the Physicians wait,  
 And Politicians thrive in Broils of State.  
 The Lover's easie when the Fair One sighs,  
 And Gods subfift not but by Sacrifice.

Each other Being some Indulgence knows,  
 Few are my Joys, but infinite my Woes.  
 My present Pain *Britannia's* Genius wills,  
 And thus the Fates record my future Ills.

A Heroine shall *Albion's* Scepter bear,  
 With Arms shall vanquish Earth, and Heav'n with Pray'r,

*She*

She on the World her Clemency shall shov'r,  
 And only to preserve, exert her Pow'r.  
 Tyrants shall then their impious Aims forbear,  
 And Blenheim's Thunder, more than \* *Aëna's*, fear.

Since by no Arts I therefore can defeat  
 The happy Enterprizes of the Great,  
 I'll calmly stoop to more inferior Things;  
 And try if my lov'd Snakes have Teeth or Stings;

She said; and strait shrill Colon's Person took,  
 In Morals loose, but most precise in Look.  
*Black-Fryars* Annals lately pleas'd to call  
 Him Warden of *Apothecaries-Hall*.  
 And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear  
 That Operation which the Learn'd declare  
 Gives Cholicks ease, and makes the Ladies fair.  
 In trifling Show his Tinsel Talent lies,  
 And Form the want of Intellects supplies.  
 In Aspect grand and goodly He appears,  
 Rever'd as Patriarchs in primæval Years.  
 Hourly his Learn'd Impertinence affords  
 A barren Superfluity of Words.  
 The Patient's Ears remorseless he assails,  
 Murthers with Jargon where his Med'cine fails.

The Fury thus assuming Colon's Grace,  
 So slung her Arms, so shuffl'd in her Pace.  
 Onward she hastens to the fam'd Abodes,  
 Where *Horscope* invokes th'infernal Gods;

\* In *Aëna* were forg'd the Thunder-bolts which Jove employ'd  
 against the Ambition of the Giants.

And

And reach'd the Mansion where the Vulgar run,  
For Ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This *Visionarie* various Projects tries,  
And knows that to be Rich is to be Wife.  
By useful Observations he can tell  
The sacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell.  
How Gold makes a *Patrician* of a Slave,  
A Dwarf an *Atlas*, a *Thersites* brave.  
It cancels all Defects, and in their Place  
Finds Sense in *Br —*, Charms in Lady *G —*.  
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind;  
No Bankrupt ever found a Fair One kind.

So truly *Horoscope* its Virtue knows,  
To this lov'd Idol 'tis, alone, he bows;  
And fancies such bright Heraldry can prove,  
The vile *Plebeian* but the third from *Jove*.

Long has he been of that amphibious Fry,  
Bold to Prescribe, and busie to Apply.  
His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs  
With Foreign Trinkets, and Domestick Toys.

Here, *Mummies* lay most reverendly stale,  
And there, the *Tortois* hung her Coat o'Mail;  
Not far from some hugh *Shark*'s devouring Head  
The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread.  
Aloft in Rows large Poppy Heads were strung,  
And near, a scaly Alligator hung.  
In this place, Drugs in musty Heaps decay'd,  
In that, dry'd Bladders, and drawn Teeth were laid.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals,  
 Of such as pay to be reputed Fools.  
 Globes stand by Globes, Volumes on Volumes lye,  
 And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.  
 The Sage, in Velvet Chair, here lolls at Ease,  
 To promise future Health for present Fees.  
 Then, as from *Triped* solemn Shams reveals,  
 And what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.

One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,  
 And longs to feel the Marriage Fetters on.  
 Others, convinc'd by me'ancholy Proof,  
 Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.

Some, by what means they may redress the Wrong,  
 When Fathers the Possession keep too long.  
 And some would know the Issue of their Cause,  
 And whether Gold can solder up its Flaws.  
 Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,  
 To lose by Art what fruitful Nature gave:  
 And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,  
 Laments her barren Curse and begs a Son.  
 Whilst *Iris*, his Cosinetick *Wash* would try,  
 To make her Bloom revive, and Lovers die.  
 Some ask for Charms, and others Philters chuse,  
 To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.  
 Young *Hyles*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,  
 In Cradle here renew's his Youthful Frame:  
 Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,  
 A Hot-House he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.  
 And old *Lucullus* wou'd th' *Arcanum* prove,  
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Bleak Envy these dull Frauds with Pleasure sees,  
And wonders at the senseless Mysteries.  
In Colon's Voice she thus calls out aloud  
On Horoscope environ'd by the Crowd.

Forbear, forbear, thy vain Amusements cease,  
Thy Wood-Cocks from their Gins a while release;  
And to that dire Misfortune listen well,  
Which thou shou'dst fear to know, or I to tell.  
'Tis true thou ever wast esteem'd by me  
The great *Alcides* of our *Company*.  
When we with Noble Scorn resolv'd to ease  
Our selves from all Parochial Offices;  
And to our Weak'ner Patients left the Care,  
And draggl'd Dignity of Scavenger.  
Such Zeal in that Affair thou didst express,  
Nought cou'd be equal but the great Success.  
Now call to mind thy Gen'rous Prowess past.  
Be what thou shou'dst, by thinking what thou wast.  
The Faculty of *Warwick-Lane* Design,  
If not to Storm, at least to Undermine:  
Their Gates each day Ten thousand Night-caps crowd,  
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud.  
If they should once unmask our Mystery,  
Each Nurse, ere long, wou'd be as learn'd as We;  
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry Vulgar Eye,  
And none, in Complaisance to us, would dye.  
What if We claim their Right t'Assassinate,  
Must they needs turn *Apothecaries* strait?  
Prevent it, Gods! all Stratagems we try  
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky.

'Tis we who wait the Destinies Command.  
 To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land.  
 And dare the College insolently aim  
 To equal our Fraternity in Fame?  
 Then let *Crabs* Eyes with *Pearl* for Virtue try,  
 Or *Highgate Hill* with lofty *Pindus* vie:  
 So *Glow-worms* may compare with *Titan's* Beams,  
 And *Hare-Court Pump* with *Aganippe's* Streams.

Our Manufactures now they meanly sell,  
 And their true Value treacherously tell:  
 Nay, They discover too, (their spight is such,)  
 That Health, than Crowns more va'u'd, costs not much.  
 Whilst we must steer our Conduct by these Rules,  
 To cheat as Tradesmen, or to starve as Fools.

At this fam'd *Horoscope* turn'd pale, and straight  
 In Silence tumbled from his Chair of State.  
 The Crowd in great Confusion sought the Door,  
 And left the *Magus* fainting on the Floor.  
 Whilst in his Breast the Fury breath'd a Storm,  
 Then sought her Cell, and reassum'd her Form.]  
 Thus from the Sore altho' the Insect flies,  
 It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise.

Officious *Squirt* in haste forsook the Shop,  
 To succour the expiring *Horoscope*.  
 Oft he essay'd the *Magus* to restore,  
 By Salt of *Succinum's* prevailing Pow'r;  
 Yet still supine the solid Lumber lay  
 An Image of scarce animated Clay;

'Till Fates, indulgent when Disasters call,  
By Squirt's nice Hand apply'd a Urinal;  
The Wight no sooner did the Steam receive,  
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale Restorative.  
The Springs of Life their former Vigour feel,  
Such Zeal he had for that vile Utensil.

So when the Great *Pelides*, *Thetis* found,  
He knew the Sea-weed Scent, and th'Azure Goddess own'd.



THE







Can. 3

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sculp.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO III.



LL Night the Sage in Penfive Tu-  
mults lay,  
Complaining of the slow Approach of  
Day;  
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to  
think no more

Of what shrill *Colon* said the Day before.

*Cowslips* and *Poppies* o'er his Eyes he spread,  
And *S — Works* he laid beneath his Head.  
But those bless'd Opiats still in vain he tries,  
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies.  
Tumultuous Cares lay rolling in his Breast  
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage exprest.

Oft has this Planet roll'd around the Sun,  
Since to consult the Skies I first begun:  
Such my Applause, so mighty my Success,  
Some granted my Predictions more than Gues.

C

But

But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain  
This Faith, There can be no Mistake in Gain.  
For the dull World most Honour pay to those  
Who on their Understanding most impose.  
First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf,  
Thus others cheat him not but he himself:  
He loathes the Substance and he loves the Show ;  
You'll ne'er convince a Fool, Himself is so:  
He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,  
And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.  
So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye  
Which no Existence has, but in the Eye.  
At distance Prospects please us, but when near,  
We find but desart Rocks, and fleeting Air.  
From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,  
And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear ;  
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe :  
New Passions, new Opinions still excite,  
And what they like at Noon, they leave at Night.  
They gain with Labour, what they quit with Ease,  
And Health for want of Change, becomes Disease.  
Religion's bright Authority they dare,  
And yet are Slaves to Superstitious Fear.  
They Counsel others, but themselves Deceive,  
And tho' they're Cozen'd still, they still Believe.  
So proud of Praise, for That their Ease they slight;  
Yet never think the Rabble in the right.  
Thus Priests their Pagan Gods profanely mock ;  
And know that Sacrifice is only Smoke.  
They find, if some great Enterprise they view,  
Oft more to Folly, than to Prudence due.

Or if some matchless Conduct shou'd appear,  
 They call the Valour, Heat; the Caution, Fear.  
 So false their Censure, fickle their Esteem,  
 This Hour they Worship; and the next Blaspheme.  
 Tho' honour'd as some God a *Heroe* shines,  
 And Valour executes what Skill designs;  
 Tho' rescu'd Nations their Deliv'rance own,  
 And Monarchs sit unshaken on a Throne,  
 Whilst proud Oppressors their vain Hopes give o'er,  
 And tremble at the Chains They forg'd before;  
 Yet if th'amazing Issue we survey,  
 We find that *Fame* has Wings, and flies away.

Shall I then, who with penetrating Sight  
 Inspect the Springs that guide each Appetite:  
 Who with unfathom'd Searches hourly pierce  
 The dark Recesses of the Universe,  
 Be aw'd, if puny Emmets wou'd oppress;  
 Or fear their Fury, or their Name carefs?  
 If all the Fiends that in low Darkness reign,  
 Be not the Fictions of a sickly Brain,  
 That Project, the \* *Dispensary* they call,  
 Before the Moon can blunt her Horns, shall fall.

With that, a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes  
 Shoots thro' the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies;  
 The Savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,  
 And Sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous Loads reel home.  
 Drums, Trumpets, Haut-boys wake the slumbring Pair;  
 Whilst Bridegroom sighs, and thinks the Bride les fair.  
 Light's cheerful Smiles o'er th'Azure Waste are spread,  
 And Miss from Inns o'Court bolts out unpaid.

\* Medicines made up there, for the use of the Poor.

The Sage transported at th'approaching Hour,  
 Imperiously thrice thunder'd on the Floor;  
 Officious *Squirt* that Moment had access.  
 His Trust was great, his Vigilance no les.  
 To him thus *Horoscope*,

My kind Companion in this dire Affair,  
 Which is more light, since you assume a Share;  
 Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,  
 When *Clyster* was in danger to be cold:  
 With Expedition on the Beadle call.  
 To summon all the *Company* to th' *Hall*.

Away the friendly Coadjutor flies,  
 Swift as from Phyal Steams of *Harts-horn* rise.  
 The *Magus* in the int'rim mumbles o'er  
 Vile Terms of Art to some Infernal Pow'r,  
 And draws Mysterious Circles on the Floor.  
 But from the gloomy Vault no glaring Spright  
 Ascends, to blast the tender Bloom of Light.  
 No mystick Sounds from *Hell's* detested Womb,  
 In dusky Exhalations upwards come.  
 And now to raise an Altar He decrees,  
 To that devouring Harpy call'd *Disease*.  
 Then Flow'rs in Canisters he hastes to bring,  
 The wither'd Product of a blighted Spring.  
 With cold *Solanum* from the Pontick Shore,  
 The Roots of *Mandrake* and Black *Ellebore*,  
 The Griper *Senna*, and the Puker Rue,  
 The Sweetner *Sassafras* are added too;  
 And on the Structure next he heaps a load  
 Of *Sulphur*, *Turpentine* and *Mastick* Wood:

Gums, Fossiles too the Pyramid increas'd,  
 A Mummy next, once Monarch of the East.  
 Then from the Compter he takes down the File,  
 And with Prescriptions lights the solemn Pile.

Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,  
 And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.  
 With Sorrow he beheld the sad Portent,  
 Then to the Hag these *Orisons* he sent.

*Disease!* thou ever most propitious Pow'r,  
 Whole kind Indulgence we discern each Hour;  
 Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree  
 Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.  
 In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,  
 But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.  
 To You such Might and Energy belong,  
 You nip the Blooming, and unnerve the Strong.  
 The Purple Conqueror in Chains you bind,  
 And are to us your Vassals only kind.

If, in return, all Diligence we pay  
 To fix your Empire, and confirm your Sway,  
 Far as the weekly Bills can reach around,  
 From Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's-Pound;  
 Behold this poor Libation with a Smile,  
 And let auspicious Light break through the Pile.

He spoke; and on the Pyramid he laid  
 Bay Leaves and Vipers Hearts, and thus he said;  
 As These consume in this mysterious Fire,  
 So let the curs'd Dispensary \* expire;

\* See the Allusion. Theoc. Pharm.

And as *Those* crackle in the Flames, and die,  
 So let its Vessels burst, and Glasses fly.  
 But a sinister Cricket strait was heard,  
 The Altar fell, the Off'ring disappear'd.  
 As the fam'd Wight the Omen did regret,  
*Squirt* brought the News the *Company* was met.

Nigh where *Fleet-Ditch* descends in fable Streams,  
 To wash his footy *Naiads* in the *Thames* ;  
 There stands a \* Structure on a rising Hill,  
 Where *Tyro's* take their Freedom out to kill.  
 Some Pictures in these dreadful Shambles tell,  
 How, by the *Delian* God, the *Python* fell;  
 And how *Medea* did the *Philter* brew,  
 That cou'd in *Æson's* Veins young Force renew.  
 How mournful, † *Myrrha* for her Crimes appears,  
 And heals hysterick Matrons still with Tears.  
 How *Mentha* and *Althea*, Nymphs no more,  
 Revive in sacred Plants, and Health restore.  
 How sanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,  
 When Pleasure's past, and Pains are permanent;  
 And how frail Nymphs, oft by Abortion, aim  
 To lose a Substance, to preserve a Name.

Soon as each Member in his Rank was plac'd,  
 Th' Assembly *Diasenna* thus address'd.

My kind Confederates, if my poor Intent,  
 As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,  
 We here had met on some more safe Design,  
 And on no other Bus'ness but to Dine;

\* Apothecaries Hall. † See *Ov. Met.*

The *Faculty* had still maintain'd their Sway,  
 And Int'rest then had bid us but obey;  
 This only Emulation we had known,  
 Who best cou'd fill his Purse, and thin the Town.  
 But now from gath'ring Clouds Destruction pours,  
 Which ruins with mad Rage our *Halcyon* Hours:  
 Mists from black Jealousies the Tempest form,  
 Whilst late Divisions reinforce the Storm.

Know, when these Feuds, like those at Law, are past,  
 The Winners will be Losers at the last.  
 Like Heroes in Sea-Fights we seek Renown,  
 To fire some Hostile Ship, we burn our own.  
 Who-e'er throws Dust against the Wind, descries  
 He throws it, in effect, but in his Eyes.  
 That Juggler which another's Slight will show,  
 But teaches how the World his own may know.

Thrice happy were those golden Days of old,  
 When dear as *Burgundy*, *Ptisans* were sold ;  
 When Patients chose to die with better Will,  
 Than breathe, and pay th' *Apothecary's* Bill.  
 And cheaper than for our Assistance call,  
 Might go to *Aix* or *Bourbon*, Spring and Fall.

Then Priests increas'd, and Piety decay'd,  
 Churchmen the Church's Purity betray'd ;  
 Their Lives and Doctrine, Slaves and Atheists made.  
 The Laws were but the hireling Judge's Sense ;  
 Juries were sway'd by venal Evidence.  
 Fools were promoted to the Council-Board,  
 Tools to the Bench, and Bullies to the Sword.

Pensions in Private were the Senate's Aim;  
And Patriots for a Place abandon'd Fame.

But now no influencing Art remains,  
For S——rs has the Seal, and *Nassau* reigns.  
And we, in spight of our Resolves, must bow,  
And suffer by a Reformation too.  
For now late Jars our Practices detect,  
And Mines, when once discover'd, lose Effect.  
Dissentions, like small Streams, are first begun,  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:  
So Lines that from their Parallell decline,  
More they proceed, the more they still dis-join.  
'Tis therefore my Advice, in haste we send,  
And beg the *Faculty* to be our Friend;  
Send swarms of Patients, and our Quarrels end.  
So awful *Beadles*, if the *Vagrant* treat,  
Strait turn familiar, and their *Fasces* quit.  
In vain we but contend, that Planet's Pow'r  
Those Vapours can disperse It rais'd before.

As He prepar'd the Mischief to recite,  
Keen *Colorynthis* paus'd and foam'd with Spight,  
Sow'r Ferments on his shining Surface swim,  
Work up to Froth and bubble o'er the Brim:  
Not *Beauties* fret so much if Freckles come,  
Or Nose shou'd redden in the Drawing-Room;  
Or *Lovers* that mistake 'h' ppointed Hour,  
Or in the lucky Minute want the Pow'r.

Thus He——Thou Scandal of great *Pæan*'s Art,  
At thy Approach, the Springs of Nature start,

The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,  
 A Scratch turns Cancer, Itch a Leprosie.  
 Cou'dst thou propose, That we, the *Friends o'Fates*,  
 Who fill *Church-yards*, and who unpeople States,  
 Who baffle Nature and dispose of Lives,  
 Whilst *Russel*, as we please, or starves, or thrives,  
 Shou'd e'er submit to their despotic Will,  
 Who out o'Consultation scarce can kill?  
 The tow'ring *Alps* shall sooner sink to Vales,  
 And *Leaches*, in our Glasses, swell to *Whales*;  
 Or *Norwich* trade in Implements of Steel,  
 And *Bromingham* in Stuffs and Druggets deal!  
 Allys at *Wapping* furnish us new Modes,  
 And *Monmouth street*, *Versailles* with Riding-hoods;  
 The Sick to th' *Hundreds* in pale Throng斯 repair,  
 And change the *Gravel-Pits* for *Kentish* Air.  
 Our Properties must on our Arms depend;  
 'Tis next to Conquer, bravely to Defend.  
 'Tis to the Vulgar, Death too harsh appears;  
 The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To Die, is Landing on some silent shoar,  
 Where Billews never break, nor Tempests roar:  
 E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.  
 The Wise thro' Thought th' Insults of Death defy;  
 The Fools, thro' bleſſ'd Insenſibility.  
 'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave;  
 Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave.  
 It eases Lovers, sets the Captive free;  
 And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Sound but to Arms, the Foe shall soon confess  
 Our Force encreases, as our Funds grow less ;  
 And what requir'd such Industry to raise,  
 We'll scatter into nothing as we please.  
 Thus they'll acknowledge, to Annihilate  
 Shews no less wond'rous Pow'r than to Create.  
 We'll raise our num'rous Cohorts, and oppose  
 The feeble Forces of our pigmy Foes ;  
 Legions of Quacks shall join us on the Place,  
 From Great Kirleus down to *Doctor Case*.  
 Tho' such vile Rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;  
*Directors* still secure the greatest Prize.  
 Such poor Supports serve only like a Stay ;  
 The Tree once fix'd, its *Root* is torn away.

So Patriots, in the time of Peace and Ease,  
 Forget the Fury of the late Disease :  
 On Dangers past, serenely think no more ;  
 And curse the Hand that heal'd the Wound before.

Arm therefore, gallant Friends, 'tis Honour's Call,  
 Or let us boldly Fight, or bravely Fall.

To this the *Session* seem'd to give Consent,  
 Much lik'd the War, but dreaded much th' Event.  
 At length, the growing Diff'rence to compose,  
 Two Brothers, nam'd *Ascarides*, arose.  
 Both had the Volubility of Tongue,  
 In Meaning faint, but in Opinion strong.  
 To speak they both assum'd a like Pretence,  
 The Elder gain'd his just Pre-eminence;

Thus he: 'Tis true, when Privilege and Right  
 Are once invaded, Honour bids us Fight.  
 But c'er we once engage in Honour's Cause,  
 First know what Honour is, and whence it was.

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,  
 The Heroe's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.  
 Born in the noisie Camp, it lives on Air;  
 And both exists by Hope and by Despair.  
 Angry when e'er a Moment's Ease we gain,  
 And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.  
 It lives, when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,  
 But when his Safety he consults, it dies.  
 Bigotted to this Idol, we disclaim  
 Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

Then let us, to the Field before we move,  
 Know, if the Gods our Enterprize approve.  
 Suppose th'unthinking Faculty unavail  
 What we, thro' wiser Conduct, wou'd conceal;  
 Is't Reason we shou'd quarrel with the Glass  
 That shews the monstrous Features of our Face?  
 Or grant some grave Pretenders have of late  
 Thought fit an Innovation to create;  
 Soon they'll repent, what rashly they begun;  
 Tho' Projects please, Projectors are undone.  
 All Novelties must this Success expect,  
 When good our Envy; and when bad, Neglect;  
 If Reason cou'd direct, e'er now each Gate  
 Had born some Trophy of Triumphal State.  
 Temples had told how *Greece* and *Belgia* owe  
*Troy* and *Namur* to *Fove* and to *Nassau*.

Then since no Veneration is allow'd,  
 Or to the real, or th' appearing Good;  
 The Project that we vainly apprehend,  
 Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.  
 Some Members of the Faculty there are,  
 Who Int'rest prudently to Oaths prefer.  
 Our Friendship with feign'd Airs they poorly court,  
 And boast their Politicks are our Support.  
 Them we'll consult about this Enterprize,  
 And boldly Execute what they Advise.

But from below (while such Resolves they took)  
 Some *Aurum Fulminans* the\* Fabrick shook.  
 The Champions, daunted at the Crack, retreat,  
 Regard their Safety; and their Rage forget.

So when at *Bathos* Earth's big Offspring strove  
 To scale the Skies, and wage a War with *Jove* ;  
 Soon as the *Ars* of old *Silens* bray'd,  
 The trembling Rebels in Confusion fled.

\* The Room the Apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.







Can. 4.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et Sculp.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO IV.



OT far from that frequented Theater,  
Where wand'ring Punks each Night  
at Five repair;  
Where Purple Emperors in Buskins  
tread,  
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread;  
Where *Bentley*, by Old Writers, wealthy grew,  
And *Briscoe* lately was undone by New:  
There triumphs a *Physician of Renown*,  
To none, but such as rust in Health, unknown.  
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart  
His known Experience, and his healing Art.  
When *Bur—s* deafens all the list ning Press  
With Peals of most Seraphick Emptiness;  
Or when Mysterious *F—n* mounts on high,  
To preach his Parish to a Lethargy:  
This *Aesculapius* waits hard by, to ease  
The Martyrs of such Christian Cruelties.

Long

Long has this darling Quarter of the Town,  
For Lewdness Wit, and Gallantry been known.  
All Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,  
To blend and joustle into Harmony.  
The Criticks each advent'rous Author scan,  
And praise or censure as They like the Man.  
The Weeds of Writings for the Flowers They pull;  
So nicely Tasteless, so correctly Dull !  
The Politicians of *Parnassus* prate,  
And Poets canvas the Affairs of State;  
The Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock, but tell  
How *Virgil* writ, how bravely *Turnus* fell.  
The Country-Dames drive to *Hippolito's*,  
First find a Spark, and after lose a Nose.  
The Lawyer for Lac'd Coat the Robe does quit,  
He grows a Mad-man, and then turns a Wit.  
And in the Cloister pensive *Strephon* waits,  
'Till *Chloe's* Hackney comes, and then retreats;  
And if th'ungenerous Nymph a Shaft lets fly  
More fatally than from a sparkling Eye,  
*Mirmillo*, that fam'd *Opifer*, is nigh.



The trading Tribe oft thither throng to Dine,  
And want of Elbow-room supply in Wine.  
Cloy'd with Variety they surfeit there,  
Whilst the wan Patients on thin Gruel fare.  
'Twas here the Champions of the Party met,  
Of their Heroick Enterprize to treat.  
Each Heroe a tremendous Air put on,  
And stern *Mirmillo* in these Words begun:

'Tis

'Tis with Concern, my Friends, I meet you here;  
No Grievance you can know, but I must share.  
'Tis plain my Int'rest you've advanc'd so long,  
Each Fee, tho' I was mute, wou'd find a Tongue.  
And in return, tho' I have strove to rend  
Those Statutes, which on Oath I should defend;  
Such Arts are Trifles to a gen'rous Mind,  
Great Services as great Returns shou'd find.  
And you'll perceive this Hand, when Glory calls,  
Can brandish Arms as well as Urinals.

Oxford and all her passing Bells can tell,  
By this Right Arm, what mighty Numbers fell.  
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole Months to slay,  
I oft dispatch'd the Patient in a Day :  
With Pen in Hand I push'd to that degree,  
I scarce had left a Wretch to give a Fee.  
Some fell by *Laudanum*, and some by *Steel*,  
And Death in Ambush lay in ev'ry Pill.  
For save or slay, this Privilege we claim,  
Tho' Credit suffers, the Reward's the same.

What tho' the Art of Healing we pretend,  
He that designs it least, is most a Friend.  
Into the Right we err, and must confess  
To Oversight we often owe Success.  
Thus *Bessus* got the Battel in the *Play*,  
His glorious Cowardise restor'd the Day.  
So the fam'd *Grecian* Piece ow'd its Desert  
To Chance, and not the labour'd Stroaks of Art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think  
 Of any Arms but such as Pen and Ink :  
 But th' Enemy, at their Expence, shall find,  
 When Honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said ; and seal'd th' Engagement with a Kiss,  
 Which was return'd by Younger *Askaris* ;  
 Who thus advanc'd: Each Word Sir you impart,  
 Has something killing in it, like your Art.  
 How much we to your boundless Friendship owe,  
 Our Files can speak, and your Prescriptions show.  
 Your Ink descends in such excessive Show'rs,  
 Tis plain, you can regard no Health but ours,  
 Whilst poor Pretenders puzzle o'er a Case,  
 You but appear, and give the *Coup de Grace*.  
 O that near \* *Xanthus* Banks you had but dwelt,  
 When *Ilium* first *Achaian* Fury felt,  
 The horned River then had curs'd in vain  
 Young *Peleus'* Arm, that choak'd his Stream with Slain.  
 No Trophies you had left for *Greeks* to raise,  
 Their Ten Years Toil, you'd finish'd in Ten Days.  
 Fate smiles on your Attempts and when you list,  
 In vain the Cowards fly, or Brave resist.  
 Then let us Arm, we need not fear Success,  
 No Labours are too hard for *Hercules*.  
 Our military Ensigns we'll display ;  
 Conquest pursues, where Courage leads the Way.

To this Design shrill *Querpo* did agree,  
 A zealous Member of the *Faculty* ;

\* See *Hom. Il.*

His Sire's pretended pious Steps he treads,  
And where the Doctor fails, the Saint succeeds.  
A Conventicle flesh'd his greener Years,  
And his full Age the righteous Rancour shares.  
Thus Boys hatch Game-Eggs under Birds o'Prey,  
To make the Fowl more furious for the Fray.

Slow *Carus* next discover'd his Intent,  
With painful Pauses mutt'ring what he meant.  
His Sparks of Life in spight of Druggs retreat,  
So cold, that only *Calentures* can heat.  
In his chill Veins the sluggish Puddle flows,  
And loads with lazy Fogs his fable Brows.  
Legions of Lunaticks about him press,  
His Province is lost Reason to redress.  
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er,  
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, restore.  
When for Advice the Vulgar throng, he's found  
With lumber of vile Books besieg'd around.  
The gazing Throng acknowledge their Surprize,  
And deaf to Reason still consult their Eyes.  
Well he perceives the World will often find,  
To catch the Eye is to convince the Mind.  
Thus a weak State, by wise Distrust enclines  
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines.  
So Fools are always most profuse of Words,  
And Cowards never fail of longest Swords.  
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet,  
And from the World, to Dust and Worms retreat.  
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign,  
Refuse of Fairs, and Gleanings of *Duck-Lane*.

And up these Walls much Gothick Lumber climbs,  
 With Swiss Philosophy, and Runick Rhimes.  
 Hither, retriev'd from Cooks and Grocers, come  
 M — Works entire, and endless Reams of Bl — m.  
 Where would the long-neglect'd C — s fly,  
 If bounteous Carus shou'd refuse to buy?  
 But each vile Scribler's happy on this score,  
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o're.

Nor must we the obsequious *Umbra* spare,  
 Who, soft by Nature, yet declar'd for War.  
 But when some Rival Pow'r invades a Right,  
 Flies set on Flies, and Turtles Turtles fight.  
 Else courteous *Umbra* to the last had been  
 Demurely meek insipidly serene.

\* With Him, the Present still some Virtues have,  
 The Vain are sprightly, and the Stupid, grave:  
 The Slothful, negligent; the Foppish, neat;  
 The Lewd are airy; and the Sly, discreet.  
 A Wren an Eagle, a Baboon a Beau;  
 C — a *Lycurgus*, and a *Phocion*, R — .

Heroick Ardour now th' Assembly warms,  
 Each Combatant breaths nothing but Alarms.  
 For Future Glory, while the Scheme is laid,  
 Fam'd *Horoscope* thus offers to dissuade;

Since of each Enterprize th' Event's unknown,  
 We'll quit the Sword, and hearken to the Gown.

\* See the *Imitation Her. Sat. the 3d.*

Nigh lives *Vagellius*, one reputed long  
 For Strength of Lungs, and Pliancy of Tongue.  
 For Fees, to any Form he moulds a Cause,  
 The Worst has Merits, and the Best has Flaws,  
 Five Guinea's make a Criminal to Day,  
 And ten to Morrow wipe the Stain away.  
 Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,  
*Milo*'s the Lecher, *Clodius* th'Homicide.  
*Cato* pernicious *Cataline* a Saint  
 Or — d suspected, D — b innocent.  
 To Law then Friends for 'tis by Fate decreed,  
*Vagellius*, and our Mony, shall succeed.  
 Know; when I first invok'd *Disease* by Charms  
 To prove propitious to our future Arms;  
 Ill Omens did the Sacrifice attend,  
 Nor wou'd the *Sybil* from her *Grott* ascend.

As *Horoscope* urg'd farther to be heard,  
 He thus was interrupted by a *Bard*;

In vain your Magick Mysteries you use,  
 Such Sounds the *Sybil*'s sacred Ears abuse.  
 These Lines the pale Divinity shall raise,  
 Such is the Pow'r of Sound, and Force of Lays.

Arms meet with Arms Fauchions with Fauchions clash,  
 And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.  
 Thick Clouds of Dust contending Warriors raise,  
 And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.  
 Some raging ran with huge Herculcan Clubs,  
 Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs  
 Of Cynders bore.—

*Naked*

*Naked and half-burnt Hills with hideous Wreck  
Affright the Skies, and fry the Ocean's Back.*

As he went rumbling on, the Fury strait  
Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight.  
A rufull Rag her meager Forehead bound,  
And faintly her furr'd Lips these Accents sound.

Mortal, how dar'st thou with such Lines address  
My awful Seat, and trouble my Recefs?  
In *Essex* Marshy Hundreds is a Cell,  
Where lazy Fogs, and drifling Vapours dwell:  
Thither raw Damps on drooping Wings repair,  
And shiv'ring Quartans shake the sickly Air.  
There, when fatigu'd, some silent Hours I pass,  
And substitute Physicians in my place.  
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe  
The Disſonance of ſuch untuneful Verſe.  
But in your Lines let Energy be found,  
And learn to rise in Sense, and ſink in Sound.  
Harſh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,  
None please the Fancy, who offend the Ear.  
In Sense and Numbers if you wou'd excel,  
Read *W* — , consider *D* — *n* well.  
In one, what vig'rous Turns of Fancy ſhine,  
In th'other, *Syrens* warble in each Line.  
If *D* —'s ſprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,  
The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,  
And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.  
The gentle *Iſis* claims the Ivy Crown,  
To bind th'immortal Brows of *A* — *n*.





As tuneful *Cæve* tries his rural Strains,  
*Pan* quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains;  
And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.  
And *Britain*, since *Pausanias* was writ,  
Knows *Spartan* Virtue, and *Athenian* Wit.  
When *St* — paints the Godlike Acts of Kings,  
Or, what *Apollo* dictates, *P* — sings:  
The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,  
And Silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Such just Examples carefully read o'er,  
Slide without falling, without straining, soar.  
Oft tho' your Stroaks surprize, you shou'd not chuse  
A Theme so mighty for a Virgin Muse.  
Long did *\* Apelles* his Fam'd Piece decline,  
His *Alexander* was his last Design.  
'Tis *M—ne's* rich Vein alone must prove,  
None but a *Phidias* shou'd attempt a *Jove*.

The Fury paus'd, 'till with a frightful Sound  
A rising Whirlwind burst th'unhallow'd Ground.  
Then she — The Deity we *Fortune* call,  
Thio' distant, rules and influences all.  
Strait for her Favour to her Court repair,  
Important Embassies ask Wings of Air.

Each wond'ring stood, but *Horoscope*'s great Soul  
That Dangers ne'er alarm, nor Doubts controul;  
Rais'd on the Pinions of the bounding Wind,  
Out-flew the Rack, and left the Hours behind.

\* See Hor. B. 2. Ep. I. Plin. Plut. Cir. Ep. Val. Max.

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,  
The Steer resigns the Yoke, the Hind his Care.  
The Clouds above with golden Edgings glow,  
And falling Dews refresh the Earth below.

The Bat with footy Wings flits thro' the Grove,  
The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move,  
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of love.

Thro' the transparent Region of the Skies,  
Swift as a Wish the Missionary flies.

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,  
And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there.  
How lambent Jellies kind'ling in the Night,  
Shoot thro' the *Aether* in a Trail of Light,

How rising Steams in th'azure Fluid blend,  
Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend;

Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,  
In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.

How Hony Dews embalm the fragrant Morn,  
And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.

How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,  
Or belch in Thunder, or in Lightning blaze.

Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,  
And bold Tornado's bluster in the Sky.

Why a prolifick *Aura* upwards tends,  
Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.

How Vapours hanging on the tow'ring Hills  
In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills

Whence Infant Winds their tender Pinions try,  
And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.

The wond'ring Sage pursues his airy Flight,  
 And braves the chill unwholsome Damps of Night;  
 He views the Tracts where Luminaries rove,  
 To settle Seasons here, and Fates above.  
 The bleak *Arcturus* still forbid the Seas,  
 The stormy *Kidds*, the weeping *Hyades*:  
 The shining \* *Lyre* with Strains attracting more  
 Heav'n's glitt'ring Mansions now than † Hell's before.  
 Glad *Cassiopeia* circling in the Sky,  
 And each bright *Churchil* of the Galaxy.

*Aurora* on *Etesian* Breezes born,  
 With blushing Lips breaths out the sprightly Morn;  
 Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,  
 And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps.  
 As thro' the Gloom the *Magus* cuts his Way,  
 Imperfect Objects tell the doubtful Day.  
 Dim he discerns Majestick *Atlas* rise,  
 And bend beneath the Burthen of the Skies.  
 His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempests know,  
 Whilst Light'ning flies, and Thunder rolls below.

Distant from hence beyond a Waste of Plains,  
 Proud *Teneriff* his Giant Brother reigns;  
 With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,  
 As from his Sides he shakes the fleecy Snow.  
 Around this hoary Prince, from wat'ry Beds,  
 His Subject Islands raise their verdant Heads;  
 The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill  
 The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

\* *Orpheus's Harp made a Constellation.*

† *See Manil.*

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here  
 Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.  
 From Crystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow,  
 The Tub'rose ever breathes, and Violets blow.  
 The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears,  
 The lab'ring Hind, the mellow Olive cheers;  
 Blossoms and Fruit at once the\* Citron shows,  
 And as she pays, discovers still she owes.  
 The Orange to the Sun her Pride displays,  
 And gilds her fragrant Apples with his Rays..  
 No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky,  
 The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh;  
 The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,  
 And warbling Dirges, die on ev'ry Note,  
 Where *Flora* treads her *Zephyr* Garlands flings,  
 And scatters Odours from his Purple Wings;  
 Whilst Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs and Jesmine Groves  
 Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.  
 Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,  
 Cool Grotto's, Silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,  
 Groves fill'd with balmy Shrubs in pomp appear,  
 And scent with Gales of Sweets the circling Year.

These happy Isles, where endless Pleasures wait,  
 Are stil'd by tuneful Bards — The *Fortunate*.  
 On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,  
 The hoodwink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court.  
 Upon a Wheel of † *Amethyst* she sits,  
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.

\* Wall. † This Stone reckon'd fortunate; see the Hist. of Nat. Magicke

In this still Labyrinth, around her lye  
 Spells Philters, Globes, and Schemes of Palmistry:  
 A *Sigil* in this Hand the *Gypsie* bears,  
 In th'other a prophetick Sive and Sheers.

The Dame by Divination knew that soon  
 The *Magus* woud appear——and then begun  
 Hail, sacred Seer! thy Embassie I know,  
 Wars must ensue the Fates will have it so:  
 Dread Feats shall follow, and Disasters great,  
 \* Pills charge on Pills, and Bolus Bolus meet:  
 Both Sides shall conquer, and yet Both shall fall;  
 The Mortar now, and then the Urinal.

To thee alone my Influence I owe;  
 Where Nature has deny'd, my Favours flow.  
 'Tis I that give (so mighty is my Pow'r)  
 Faith to the Jew, Complexion to the Moor.  
 I am the Wretch's Wish, the Rook's Pretence,  
 The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence.  
 Sir *Scrape-Quill*, once a supple similing Slave,  
 Looks lofty now, and insolently Grave;  
 Buys, Settles, Purchases, and has each Hour  
 Cops from the Rich, and Curses from the Poor.  
 Spadillio, that at Table serv'd o'late,  
 Drinks rich Tockay himself, and eats in Plate;  
 Has Levees, Villas, Mistresses in store,  
 And owns the Racers which he rubb'd before.

Souls heav'nly born my faithless Boons defy;  
 The Brave is to himself a Deity.

\* See the Allusion, Lucan.

Tho' bless'd *Astrea*'s gone, some Soil remains  
Where Fortune is the Slave, and Merit reigns.

The *Tyber* boasts his *Julian* Progeny,  
*Thames* his *Nassau*, the *Nyle* his *Ptolomy*,  
*Iberia*, yet for future Sway design'd,  
Shall, for a *H*—, a greater *M*— find.  
Thus \* *Ariadne* in proud Triumph rode,  
She lost a † Heroe, and she found a ‡ God.

\* See Steph.

† Theseus.

‡ Bacchus.



THE





Can. 5.

Lud. du Guernier inv. et sc.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO V.



HEN the still Night, with peaceful  
Poppies crown'd,  
Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the  
Ground;  
And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted  
Triumphs dream,

While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme,  
The Surges gently dash against the Shoar,  
Flocks quit the Plains, and Gally-Slaves the Oar.  
Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes,  
*Mirmillo* is the only Wretch it flies.  
He finds no Respite from his anxious Grief,  
Then seeks, from this Soliloquy, Relief.

Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,  
Oppress'd with Fees and deafen'd with Renown.

None e'er cou'd die with due Solemnity,  
 Unless his Pass-port first was sign'd by Me.  
 My arbitrary Bounty's undeny'd;  
 I give Reversions, and for Heirs provide.  
 None cou'd the tedious Nuptial State support;  
 But I, to make it easie, make it short.  
 I set the discontented Matrons free,  
 And ransom Husbands from Captivity.  
 Shall one of such Importance then engage  
 In noisie Riot, and in Civil Rage?  
 No, I'll endeavour strait a Peace, and so  
 Preserve my Character, and Person too.

But *Discord*, that still haunts with hideous Mien  
 Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been,  
 O'er-heard *Mirmillo*'s Anguish, then begun  
 In peevish Accents to express her own.

Have I so often banish'd lazy *Peace*  
 From her dark Solitude, and lov'd Recess?  
 Have I made *S——th* and *Sb——ck* disagree,  
 And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obscurity?  
 And does my faithful *F——son* profess  
 His Ardour still for Animosities?  
 Have I, *Britannia*'s Safety to insure,  
 Expos'd her naked, to be more secure?  
 Have I made Parties opposite, unite,  
 In monstrous Leagues of amicable Spight  
 To curse their Country, whilst the common Cry  
 Is *Freedom*, but their Aim, the *Ministry*?  
 And shall a Dastard's Cowardise prevent  
 The War, so long I've labour'd to foment?

No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,  
Or I'll renounce my wan Divinity.

With that, the *Hag* approach'd *Mirmillo's Bed*,  
And taking *Querpo's* meager Shape, She said;

At Noon of Night I hasten, to dispel  
Those Tumults in your pensive Bosom dwell.  
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving Sighs,  
Nay, saw the Tears debating in your Eyes.  
O that 'twere but a Dream! But Threats I find  
Low'r in your Looks, and rankle in your Mind;  
Speak, whence it is this late Disorder flows,  
That shakes your Soul, and troubles your Repose.  
Mistakes in Practice scarce cou'd give you Pain,  
Too well you know the Dead will ne'er complain.

What Looks discover, said the Homicide,  
Wou'd be a fruitless Industry to hide.  
My Safety first I must consult, and then  
I'll serve our suff'ring Party with my Pen.

All shou'd, reply'd the Hag, their Talent learn;  
The most attempting oft the least discern.  
Let *P*— speak, and *V*—k write.  
Soft *Aeon* court, and rough *Cæcina* fight:  
Such must succeed; but when th' Enervate aim  
Beyond their Force, they still contend for *Shame*,  
Had *C*— printed nothing of his own.  
He had not been the *s*— *feld* o' the Town,  
*Alles* and *Owls*, unseen, their Kind betray,  
If these attempt to *Hoot*, or those to *Bray*.

Had *W*— never aim'd in Verse to please,  
 We had not rank'd him with our *Ogilbys*.  
 Still Censures will on dull Pretenders fall,  
 A *Codrus* shou'd expect a *Juvenal*.

Ill Lines, but like ill Paintings, are allow'd,  
 To set off, and to recommend the good.  
 So *Diamonds* take a Lustre from their Foyle;  
 And to a *B*— *ly* 'tis, we owe a *B*— *le*.

Consider well the Talent you posseſſ,       
 To strive to make it more would make it less;       
 And recollect what Gratitude is due,       
 To those whose Party you abandon now.       
 To them you owe your odd Magnificence       
 But to your Stars your Magazine of Sense.       
 Haspt in a Tombril, awkward have you shin'd       
 With one fat Slave before, and none behind.       
 Then haste and join your true intrepid Friends,       
 Success on Vigour and Dispatch depends.

Lab'ring in Doubts *Mirmillo* stood, then said,  
 'Tis hard to undertake, if Gain dissuade;  
 What Fool for noysie Feuds large Fees wou'd leave?  
 Ten Harvests more, wou'd all I wish for give.

True Man, reply'd the Elf; by Choice diseas'd,  
 Ever contriving Pain, and never pleas'd.  
 A present Good they slight, an absent chuse,  
 And what they have, for what they have not, lose.  
 False Prospects all their true Delights destroy,  
 Resolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.

In restless Hurries thoughtlesly they live,  
 At Substance oft unmov'd, for Shadows grieve.  
 Children at Toys, as Men at Titles aim;  
 And in effect both covet but the same.  
 This *Philip's* Son prov'd in revolving Years;  
 And first for Rattles, then for Worlds shed Tears.

The Fury spoke, then in a moment fir'd  
 The Horoe's Breast with Tempests, and retir'd.

In boding Dreams *Mirmillo* spent the Night,  
 And frightful Phantoms danc'd before his Sight,  
 Till the pale *Pleiads* clos'd their Eyes of Light.  
 At length gay Morn glows in the Eastern Skies,  
 The Larks in Raptures thro' the *Aether* rise,  
 The Azure Mists scud o'er the dewy Lawns,  
 The *Chaunter* at his early Matins yawns,  
 The *Amaranth* opes its Leaves, the *Lys* its Bells,  
 And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells.

As bold *Mirmillo* the gray Dawn descries,  
 Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, where Honour calls, he flies,  
 And finds the Legions planted at their Post;  
 Where mighty *Querpo* fill'd the Eye the most.  
 His Arms were made, if we may credit Fame,  
 By \* *Mulciber*, the Mayor of *Bromingham*.  
 Of temper'd *Stibium* the bright Shield was cast,  
 † And yet the Work the Metal far surpass'd.

\* See the Allusion Hom. Il. B. 18. Virg. Æn. B. 8.  
 † See Ov. Met. B. 2.



A Foliage of the Vulnerary Leaves,  
 Grav'd round the Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives.  
 Around the Center Fate's bright Trophies lay,  
 Probes, Saws, Incision Knives, and Tools to slay.  
 Embost upon the Field, a Battel stood  
 Of Leeches spouting *Hemorrhoidal* Blood.  
 The Artist too expreis'd the solemn State  
 Of grave *Physicians* at a Consult met;  
 About each Symptom how they disagree,  
 But how unanimous in case of Fee.  
 Whilst each *Affassin* his learn'd Colleague tires  
 With learn'd Impertinence, the Sick expires.

Beneath this Blazing Orb bright *Querpo* shone,  
 Himself an *Atlas*, and his Shield a Moon.  
 A Pestle for his Tuncheon led the Van,  
 And his high Helmet was a Close-stool Pan.  
 His Crest an † *Ibis*, brandishing her Beak,  
 And winding in loose Folds her spiral Neck.  
 This, when the Young \* *Querpoides* beheld  
 His Face in Nurse's Breast the Boy conceal'd;  
 Then peep't, and with th' effulgent Helm wou'd play,  
 And as the Monster gap'd wou'd shrink away.  
 Thus sometimes Joy prevail'd, and sometimes Fear;  
 And Tears and Smiles alternate Passions were.

As *Querpo* tow'ring stood in Martial Might,  
 Pacifick *Carus* sparkled on the Right.

† This Bird, according to the Ancients, gives it self a Clyster with its Beak.

\* Alluding to Aftyanax. See Hom. Il.

An \* *Oran Outang* o'er his Shoulders hung,  
 His Plume confess'd the Capon whence it sprung,  
 His motly Mail scarce cou'd the Heroe bear,  
 Haranguing thus the Tribunes of the War.

Fam'd Chiefs,  
 For present Triumphs born, design'd for more,  
 Your Virtue I admire, your Valour more.  
 If Battel be resolv'd. you'll find this Hand  
 Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command.  
 Our Foes in Throng's shall hide the Crimson Plain,  
 And their *Apollo* interpose in vain.  
 Tho' Gods themselves engage, a + *Diamed*  
 With Ease cou'd show a *Deity* can bleed.

But War's rough Trade shou'd be by Fools profest,  
 The truest Rubbish fills a Trench the best.  
 Let Quinsies throttle, and the Quartan shake,  
 Or Dropes drown, and Gout and Colicks rack;  
 Let Sword and Pestilence lay waste, whilst we  
 Wage bloodless Wars, and fight in Theory.  
 Who wants not Merit needs not arm for Fame,  
 The Dead I raise my Chivalry proclaim,  
 Diseases baffled, and lost Health restor'd,  
 In Fame's bright List my Victories record.  
 More Lives from me their Preservation own,  
 Than Lovers lose if Fair *Cornelia* frown.

Your Cures, shrill *Querpo* cry'd, aloud you tell,  
 But wisely your Miscarriages conceal.

\* The Skin of a dissected Baboon call'd so.

† See Hom. Il. B. 5.

Zeno, a Priest, in Samothrace of old,  
 Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold ;  
 Immortal Gods you own, but think 'em blind  
 To what concerns the State of Human Kind.  
 Either they hear not, or regard not Pray'r,  
 That argues want of Pow'r, and This of Care.  
 Allow that Wisdom infinite must know,  
 Pow'r infinite must act. *I grant it so.*  
 Haste strait to Neptune's Fane, survey with Zeal  
 The Walls. *What then?* reply'd the Infidel.  
 Observe those num'rous Throngs in Effigy.  
 The Gods have sav'd from the devouring Sea:  
*'Tis true, their Pictures that escap'd you keep,*  
*But where are Theirs that perish'd in the Deep?*

Vaunt now no more the Triumph of your Skill,  
 But, tho' unfeed, exert your Arm, and kill.  
 Our Scouts have learn'd the Posture of the Foe;  
 In War, Surprises surest Conduct show.

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,  
 That P — k's Worth, and O — 's Valour tells ;  
 How Truth in B — , how in C — sh reigns  
 Varro's Magnificence with Maro's Strains ;  
 But how at Church and Bar all gape and stretch  
 If W — plead, or S — or O — ly preach,  
 On nimble Wings to Warwick-Lane repairs,  
 And what the Enemy intends, declares.  
 Confusion in each Countenance appear'd,  
 A Council's call'd, and Stentor first was heard ;  
 His lab'ring Lungs the throng'd Praetorium rent,  
 Addressing thus the passive President.

*Mackaon,*

Machaon, whose Experience we adore,  
 Great as your matchless Merits, is your Pow'r.  
 At your Approach, the baffled Tyrant *Death*  
 Breaks his keen Shafts, and grinds his clashing Teeth.  
 To you we leave the Conduct of the Day ;  
 What you command, your Vassals must obey.  
 If this dread Enterprize you wou'd decline,  
 We'll send to treat, and stifle the Design.  
 But if my Arguments had force, we'd try  
 To humble our audacious Foes, or die.  
 Our Spight, they'll find, to their Advantage leans,  
 The End is good, no matter for the Means.  
 So modern *Casuists* their Talents try,  
 Uprightly for the sake of Truth to lye.

He had not finish'd, 'till th'Out-guards descry'd  
 Bright Columns move in formidable Pride.  
 The passing Pomp so dazzled from afar,  
 It seem'd a Triumph, rather than a War.  
 Tho' wide the Front, tho' gross the *Phalanx* grew,  
 It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.

The adverse Host for Action strait prepare ;  
 All eager to unviel the Face of War.  
 Their Chiefs lace on their Helms, and take the Field,  
 And to their trusty Squires resign their Shield :  
 To paint each Knight their Ardour and Alarms,  
 Wou'd ask the Muse that sung the Frogs in Arms.

And now the Signal summons to the Fray ;  
 Mock Falchions flash, and paltry Ensigns play.

Their

Their Patron God his silver Bow-string twangs;  
 Tough Harness rustless, and bold Armour clangs.  
 The piercing *Cauſticks* ply their spightful Pow'r;  
*Emeticks* ranch, and keen *Catharticks* scour.  
 The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;  
 And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

Now from their leve'l'd *Syringes* they pour  
 The liquid Volly of a missive Show'r.  
 Not Storms of Sleet, which o'er the *Baltick* drive,  
 Push'd on by *Northern* Gusts, such Horror give.  
 Like Spouts in *Southern* Seas the Deluge broke,  
 And Numbers sunk beneath th'impetuous Stroke.

So when *Leviathans* dispute the Reign  
 And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main;  
 From the rent Rocks whole *Coral* Groves are torn,  
 And Isles of *Sea-weed* on the Waves are born.  
 Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,  
 'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky.

And now the stagg'ring *Braves*, led by Despair,  
 Advance, and to return the Charge, prepare.  
 Each seizes for his Shield a spacious *Scale*,  
 And the *Brass Weights* fly thick as Show'rs of Hail.  
 Whole Heaps of Warriors welter on the Ground,  
 With Gally-Pots, and broken Phials crown'd;  
 Whilst empty Jarrs the dire Defeat resound.

Thus when some Storm its Crystal Quarry rends,  
 And *Zove* in ratling Show'rs of *Ice* descends;

Mount Athos shakes the Forests on his Brow,  
 Whilst down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow,  
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er spread the Vale  
 [below.]

But now, all Order lost, promiscuous Blows  
 Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows.  
 From Stentor's Arm a massy Opiat flies,  
 And strait a deadly Sleep clos'd *Carus'* Eyes.  
 At Colon great *Sertorius* Buckthorn flung,  
 Who with fierce Gipes like those of Death, was stung;  
 But with a dauntless and disdainful Mien  
 Hurl'd back Steel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen.  
*Chiron* attack'd *Talithibius* with such Might,  
 One Pass had paunch'd the huge hydropick Knight,  
 Who strait retreated to evade the Wound,  
 But in a Flood of *Apozem* was drown'd.  
 This *Psylas* saw, and to the Victor said,  
 Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy Dead,  
 By Fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore  
 By th' Image of *Priapus*, which he bore;  
 And rais'd an \* *Eagle-stone*, invoking loud  
 On *Cynthia*, leaning o'er a Silver Cloud.

Great Queen of Night, and Empress of the Seas,  
 faithful to thy Midnight Mysteries,  
 still observant of my early Vows,  
 These Hands have eas'd the mourning Matron's Throws;  
 Rect this rais'd avenging Arm aright,  
 may loud Cymbals aid thy lab'ring Light.  
 Said, and let the pond'rous Fragment fly  
*Chiron*, but learn'd *Hermes* put it by.

\* See Plin.

Tho' the haranguing God survey'd the War,  
 That Day the Muses Sons were not his Care.  
 Two Friends Adepts, the *Trismegists* by Name,  
 Alike their Features, and alike their Flame.  
 As simpling ne'er fair *Tweed* each fung by turn,  
 The listning River wou'd neglect his Urn.  
 Those Lives they fail'd to rescue by their Skill,  
 Their \* Muse cou'd make immortal with her Quill.  
 But learn'd Enquiries after Nature's State  
 Dissolv'd the League, and kindled a Debate.  
 The One, for lofty Labours fruitful known,  
 Fill'd Magazines with Volumes of his own.  
 At his once-favour'd Friend a Tome he threw  
 That from its Birth had slept unseen 'till now.  
 Stunn'd with the Blow the batter'd Bard retir'd,  
 Sunk down, and in a *Simile* expir'd.

And now the Cohorts shake, the Legions ply,  
 The yielding Flanks confess the Victory.  
*Stentor* undaunted still, with noble Rage  
 Sprung thro' the Battel, *Querpo* to engage.  
 Fierce was the Onset, the Dispute was great,  
 Both wou'd not vanquish, Neither would retreat ;  
 Each Combatant his Adversary mauls,  
 With batter'd *Bed-pans*, and stav'd *Urinals*.  
 On *Stentor's* Crest the useful Chrystral breaks,  
 And Tears of *Amber* gutter'd down his Cheeks.  
 But whilst the Champion, as late Rumours tell,  
 Design'd a sure decisive Stroke, he fell :  
 And as the Victor hov ring o'er him stood,  
 With Arms extended, thus the *Suppliant* su'd.

\* See *Tafs.*

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to die;  
 Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.  
 But to the lost, if Pity might be shown,  
 Reflect on young *Querpoïdes* thy Son ;  
 Then pity mine, for such an Infant-Grace  
 Smiles in his Eyes, and flatters in his Face.  
 If he was near, Compassion he'd create,  
 Or else lament his wretched Parent's Fate.  
 Thine is the Glory, and the Field is thine ;  
 To thee the lov'd \* *Dispens'ry* I resign.

At this the *Victors* own such Extasies,  
*As Memphian Priests* if their *Osiris* sneeze ;  
 Or Champions with Olympick Clangour fir'd ;  
 Or simpring Prudes with sprightly *Nantz* inspir'd ;  
 Or Sultans rais'd from Dungeons to a Crown ;  
 Or fasting Zealots when the Sermon's done.

A while the Chief the deadly Stroak declin'd,  
 And found Compassion pleading in his Mind,  
 But whilst he view'd with Pity the Distress'd,  
 He spy'd + *Signetur* writ upon his Breast.  
 Then tow'rds the Skies he toss'd his threatning Head,  
 And fir'd with more than mortal Fury, said

Sooner than I'll from vow'd Revenge desist,  
 His Holiness shall turn a *Quietist*,  
*Jansenius* and the *Fesuits* agree,  
 The Inquisition wink at Heresie,

\* See the Allusion. Virg. *Æn.*

† Those Members of the College that observe a late Statute,  
 are call'd by the Apothecaries *Signetur* Men.

Warm Convocations own the Church secure,  
And more consult her Doctrine than her Pow'r.

With that he drew a Lancet in his Rage,  
To puncture the still supplicating Sage.  
But while his Thoughts that fatal Stroke decree,  
*Apollo* interpos'd in form of Fee.  
The Chief great Paan's golden Tresses knew,  
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temp'e-Stairs we've seen  
Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,  
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood,  
With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood;  
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,  
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

The Heroe so his Enterprize recalls,  
His Fist unclinches, and the Weapon falls.







Can. 6.

Lud, du Guérnier inv. et Sculp.



# THE DISPENSARY.

---

## CANTO VI.

WILE the shrill Clangour of the Battel rings,  
Auspicious Health appear'd on Zephir's Wings;  
She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,

More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.  
A Charm she takes from each excelling Fair,  
And barrows C——le's Shape, and G——ton's Air.  
Her Eyes like R——agh's their Beams dispense,  
With Ch——ill's Bloom, and B——kley's Innocence;  
On Iris thus the differing \* Beams bestow  
The Die, that paints the Wonders of her Bow,  
From the fair Nymph a vocal Musick falls,  
As to Machaon thus the Goddess calls.

Enough th' Atchievement of your Arms you've shown,  
You seek a Triumph you shou'd blush to own.

\* See Newt. of Col.

Haste to th'Elysian Fields, those bless'd Abodes,  
 Where *Harvy* sits among the Demi-Gods.  
 Consult that sacred Sage, soon He'll disclose  
 The Method that must mollify these Woes,  
 Let *Celsus* for that Enterprize prepare,  
 His Conduct to the Shades shall be my Care,

Aghast the Heroes stood dissolv'd in Fear,  
 A Form so Heav'nly bright They cou'd not bear;  
*Celsus* alone unmov'd, the Sight beheld,  
 The rest in pale Confusion left the Field.

So when the Pigmies, marshall'd on the Plains,  
 Wage puny War against th'invasive Cranes;  
 The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,  
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air;  
 But when the bold imperial Bird of *Jove*  
 Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above,  
 Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,  
 And the *Strimonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds.

And now the Delegate prepares to go  
 And view the Wonders of the Realms below;  
 Then takes *Amomum* for the Golden Bough.  
 Thrice did the Goddess with her Sacred Wand  
 The Pavement strike; and strait at her Command  
 The willing Surface opens, and descryes  
 A deep Descent that leads to nether Skies.  
 \* *Hygeia* to the silent Region tends;  
 And with his Heav'nly Guide the *Charge* descends,

\* *Health*, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddess.

Thus

Thus *Numa* when to hallow'd Caves retir'd,  
Was by \* *Aegeria* guarded and inspir'd.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy  
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lye,  
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray  
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to Day.  
Hence *Pancies* trick themselves in various Hew,  
And hence *Funquils* derive their fragrant Dew;  
Hence the *Carnation* and the bashful *Rose*  
Their Virgin Blushes to the Morn disclose.  
Hence the chaste *Lilly* rises to the Light,  
Unveils her snowy Breasts, and charms the Sight.  
Hence Arbours are with twining Greens array'd,  
To oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.  
And hence on *Daphne's* Laurel'd Forehead grow  
Immortal Wreaths for *Phæbus* and *Nassau*.

The Insects here their lingring Trance survive:  
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.  
From Winter's Fury hither they repair,  
And stay for milder Skies and softer Air.  
Down to these Cells obscener Reptils creep,  
Where hateful *Nutes* and painted *Lizards* sleep.  
Where shiv'ring *Snakes* the Summer Solstice wait;  
Unfurl their painted Folds, and slide in State.  
Here their new Form the numb'd † *Erucæ* hide,  
Their num'rous Feet in slender Bandage ty'd:  
Soon as the kindling Year begins to rise,  
This upstart Race their native Clod despise,  
And proud of painted Wings attempt the Skies,

\* See *Ov. Met. B. 15.*

† See Godart of *Caterpillars and Butterflies*.

Now, those profounder Regions They explore,  
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Oar.  
Here sullen to the Sight, at large is spread  
The dull unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead.  
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen  
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.  
The \* Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks;  
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.  
The Silver then with bright and burnish'd Grace,  
Youth and a blooming Lustre in its Face,  
To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,  
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.  
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;  
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Near These the Delegate with Wonder spies  
Where Floods of living Silver serpentize:  
Where richest Metals their bright Looks put on,  
And Golden Streams thro' Amber Channels run..  
Where Light's gay God descends to ripen Gems,  
And lend a Lustre brighter than his Beams.

Here he observes the Subterranean Cells,  
Where wanton Nature sports in idle Shells.  
Some *Helicoeids*, some *Conical* appear;  
These, Miters emulate; Those, Turbans are.  
Here Marcasites in various Figure wait,  
To ripen to a true Metallick State:  
'Till Drops that from impending Rocks descend  
Their Substance petrifie, and Progress end.  
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow;  
And, whilst enrag'd, their Fiery Surges glow:

\* See Yald. on Mines.

Convulsions in the lab'ring Mountains rise,  
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies.

He views with Horror next the noisie Cave,  
Where with hoarse Dinn imprison'd Tempests rave:  
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,  
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.  
The warring Winds unmov'd *Hygeia* heard,  
Brav'd their lou'd Jars, but much for *Celsus* fear'd.  
*Andromeda*, so whilst her Heroe fought,  
Shook for his Danger, but her own forgot.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,  
Where scarce one cheerful Glimpse their Steps befriends.  
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps;  
And undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps.  
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye;  
An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy.  
With sordid Age his Features are defac'd;  
His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste.  
To these dark Realms much learned Lumber creeps,  
There copious M— safe in Silence sleeps.  
Where Mushroom Libels in Oblivion lye,  
And, soon as born, like other Monsters die.  
Upon a Couch of *Jett* in these Abodes,  
Dull *Night*, his melancholy Consort, nods.  
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ;  
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Nigh this Recess with Terror they survey  
Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway;

In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,  
 Where *Goblins* brisk, and airy *Spectres* rove,  
 Yawns a dark Cave, with awful Horror wide,  
 And there the *Monarch's* Triumphs are descry'd.  
 Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the Eye,  
 The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye.  
 Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow;  
 Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.  
 Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,  
 And all the faded Family of Care,  
 Old mouldring Urns Racks, Daggers and Distress  
 Make up the frightful Horror o' the Place.

Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,  
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

\* *Febris* is first: The *Hag* relentless bears  
 The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the infant's Tears.  
 In her parch'd Eye-Balls fiery *Meteors* reign;  
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.

Then † *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng;  
 Bloated, and big, she slowly fails along.  
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor;  
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.

Now loathsom ‡ *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,  
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight.  
 Still deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Pow'r:  
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.

Whilst meager ¶ *Pthisis* gives a silent Blow;  
 Her Stroaks are sure; but her Advances slow.

\* *Feaver.* † *Dropsey.* ‡ *Leprosie.* ¶ *Consumptien.*

No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shown:  
 She starves the *Fortress* first; then takes the *Town*.  
 Behind stood Crouds of much inferior Name,  
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to name;  
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny:  
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Now *Celsus*, with his glorious Guide, invades  
 The silent Region of the fleeting Shades:  
 Where Rocks and ruful Desarts are descry'd;  
 And sullen *Styx* rolls down his lazy Tide.  
 Then shews the Ferry-man the *Plane* he bore,  
 And claims his Passage to the further Shore.  
 To whom the *Stygian Pilot* smiling, said,  
 You need no Pass-port to demand our Aid.  
*Physicians* never linger on this Strand:  
 Old *Charon*'s present still at their Command.  
 Our awful Monarch and his Consort owe  
 To them the Peopling of their Realms below.  
 Then in his swarthy Hand he grasp'd his Oar,  
 Receiv'd his Guests aboard, and shov'd from Shoar.

Now, as the Goddess and her *Charge* prepare  
 To breath the Sweets of soft *Elysian* Air,  
 Upon the Left they spy a pensive \* Shade,  
 Who on his bended Arm had rais'd his Head:  
 Pale Grief fate heavy on his mournful Look:  
 To whom, not unconcern'd, thus *Celsus* spoke:

Tell me, thou much afflicted Shade, why Sighs  
 Burst from your Breast, and Torrents from your Eyes?

\* See the *Allusion*, Virg. Æn. B. 6.

And who those mangled *Manes* are, which show  
A sullen Satisfaction at your Woe?

Since, said the Ghost, with Pity you'll attend,  
Know, I'm *Guiācum*, once your firmest Friend.  
And on this barren Beach in Discontent  
Am doom'd to stay, 'till th'angry Pow'rs relent.  
Those *Spectres* seam'd with Scars that threaten there,  
The Victims of my late ill Conduct are.  
They vex with endless Clamours my Repose:  
This wants his Palate; That demands his Nose:  
And here they execute stern *Pluto's* Will,  
And ply me ev'ry moment with a Pill.

Then *Celsus* thus: O much-lamented State!  
How rigid is the Sentence you relate?  
Methinks I recollect your former Air,  
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!  
Insipid as your late *Pisans* you lye,  
That once were sprightlier far than *Mercury*.  
At the sad Tale you tell, the Poppies weep,  
And mourn their vegetable Souls asleep.  
The unctuous *Larix*, and the healing *Pine*  
Lament your Fate in Tears of Turpentine.  
But still the Off-spring of your Brain shall prove  
The Grocers Care, and brave the Rage of *Jove*.  
When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise  
In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.

If Mortals e'er the *Stygian* Pow'rs cou'd bend,  
Entreaties to their awful Seats I'd send.  
But since no human Arts the Fates dissuade;  
Direct me how to find bless'd *Harvy's* Shade.

In vain th'unhappy Ghost still urg'd his Stay ;  
Then rising from the Ground, he shew'd the Way.

Nigh the dull Shoar a shapeless Mountain stood,  
That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood.  
Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,  
No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone.  
To gain the Summit the bright Goddess try'd,  
And *Celsus* follow'd, by degrees, his Guide.

Th' Ascent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,  
And taste th' Indulgence of a milder Sky.  
Loose *Breezes* on their airy Pinions play,  
Soft Infant Blossoms their chast Odours pay;  
And Roses blush their fragrant Lives away.  
Cool Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide;  
And as They pass, their painted Banks they chide.  
These blisful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,  
The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.  
The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed,  
E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head :  
Roab'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,  
And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.  
So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,  
Around in Throngs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd;  
The *Tritons* gaze and tune each vocal Shell,  
And ev'ry Grace unsung, the Waves conceal.

The *Delegate* observes, with wond'ring Eyes,  
Ambrotial Dews descend, and Incense rise.  
Then hastens onward to the pensive Grove,  
The silent \* *Mansion* of disastrous Love,

\* See Virg. *Aen.* B. 6.

Here Jealousie with Jaundice Looks appears,  
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Fears.  
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,  
 And to the Woods in mournful Murmurs sings:  
 No Winds but Sighs are there, no Floods but Tears,  
 Each conscious Tree a Tragick Signal bears:  
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,  
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

*Olivia* here in Solitude he found,  
 Her down-cast Eyes fix'd on the silent Ground:  
 Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,  
 She seem'd the dying Image of Despair.  
 How lately did this celebrated *Thing*:  
 Blaze in the Box, and sparkle in the Ring,  
 'Till the Green-sickness and Love's force betray'd  
 To Death's remorseless Arms th'unhappy Maid.

All o'er confus'd the guilty Lover stood,  
 The Light forsook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood;  
 An Icy Horrour shiver'd in his Look,  
 As to the cold-complexion'd Nymph He spoke:

Tell me, dear Shade, from whence such anxious Cars,  
 Your Looks disorder'd, and your Bosom bare?  
 Why thus you languish like a drooping Flow'r,  
 Crush'd by the weight of some relentless Show'r?  
 Your languid Looks, your late ill Conduct tell,  
 O that instead of Trash you'd taken Steel!

Stabb'd with th'unkind Reproach, the Conscious Maid  
 Thus to her late insulting Lover said;

When

## C A N T O VI.

81

When Ladies listen not to loose Desire,  
You stile our Modesty, our want of Fire.  
Smile or Forbid, Encourage or Reprove,  
You still find Reasons to believe we love:  
Vainly you think a Liking we betray,  
And never mean the peevish Things we say.  
Few are the Fair Ones of *Rufilla's* make,  
Unask'd she grants, uninjur'd she'll forsake;  
But sev'ral *Cætias*, sev'ral Ages boast,  
That like, where Reason recommends the most.  
Where heav'nly Truth and Tenderness conspire,  
Chast Passion may perswade us to desire.

Your Sex, he cry'd, as Custom bids, behaves;  
In Forms the Tyrant tyes such haughty Slaves.  
To do nice Conduct Right, you Nature wrong;  
Impulses are but weak, where Reason's strong.  
Some want the Courage, but how Few the Flame!  
They like the Thing, that startle at the Name.  
The lonely *Phœnix*, tho' profess'd a Nun,  
Warms into Love, and kindles at the Sun.  
Those Tales of spicy Urns and fragrant Fires,  
Are but the Emblems of her scorch'd Desires.

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting *Fair*,  
His empty Arms confess'd th'impassive Air.  
From his Embrace th'unbody'd Spectre flies,  
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her Eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,  
Where the glad *Manes* of the Bless'd remain;  
Where *Harvy* gathers Simples to bestow  
Immortal Youth on Heroe's Shades below.

Soon as the bright *Hygeia* was in view,  
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.

Thus He —

Hail, blooming Goddess! Thou propitious Pow'r,  
Whose Blessings Mortals more than Life implore.  
With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,  
That Cottages are Courts where Those appear.  
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to Smile or Frown,  
Finds Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

With just Resentments and Contempt you see  
The foul Dissentions of the *Faculty*;  
How your sad sick'ning Art now hangs her Head,  
And once a Science, is become a Trade.  
Her Sons ne'er rifle her Mysterious Store,  
But study Nature less, and Lucre more.  
Not so when *Rome* to th' *Epidaurian* rais'd  
A \* Temple, where devoted Incence blaz'd,  
Oft Father *Tyber* views the holy Fire,  
As the learn'd *Son* is worship't like the Sire:  
The Sage with *Romulus* like Honours claim;  
The Gift of Life and Laws were then the same.

I shov'd of old, how vital Currents glide,  
And the *Meanders* of their refluent Tide.  
Then, *Willis*, why spontaneous Actions here,  
And whence involuntary Motions there:  
And how the Spirits by Mechanick Laws,  
In wild Careers, tumultuous Riots cause.

\* A Temple built at *Rome*, in the Island of *Tyber*, to *Aesculapius* Son of *Apollo*:

## CANTO VI.

83

Nor wou'd our *Wharton*, *Bates*, and *Giffon* lye.  
In the Abyss of blind Obscurity.  
But now such wond'rous Searches are forborn,  
And *Paan's* Art is by Divisions torn.  
Then let your *Charge* attend, and I'll explain  
How her lost Health your Science may regain.

Haste, and the matchless *Atticus* Address,  
From Heav'n and great *Nassau* he has the Mace.  
Th' oppress'd to his *Asylum* still repair;  
Arts he supports, and Learning is his Care.  
He softens the harsh Rigour of the Laws,  
Blunts their keen Edge, and grinds their Harpy Claws;  
And graciously he casts a pitying Eye  
On the sad State of virtuous Poverty.  
When-e'er he speaks, Heav'ns! how the lift'ning Throng  
Dwells on the melting Musick of his Tongue.  
His Arguments are Emblems of his Mein,  
Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene;  
And when the Pow'r of Eloquence He'd try,  
Here, Light'ning strikes you; there, soft Breezes sigh.

To him you must your sickly State refer,  
Your Charter claims him as your Visiter.  
Your Wounds he'll close, and sov'reignly restore.  
Your Science to the Height it had before.

Then *Nassau's* Health shall be your glorious Aim,  
His Life should be as lasting as His Fame.  
Some Princes Claims from Devastations spring,  
He condescends in pity to be King:  
And when, amidst his *Olives* plac'd, He stands,  
And governs more by Candour than Commands.

Ev'n then not less a Heroe he appears,  
Than when his *Laurel* Diadem he wears.

Wou'd *Phœbus*, or his *G — le*, but inspire  
Their sacred Veli'mence of Poetick Fire;  
To celebrate in Song that God-like Pow'r,  
Which did the lab'ring Universe restore;  
Fair *Albion's* Cliffs wou'd Echo to the Strain,  
And praise the Arm that Conquer'd, to regain  
The Earth's Repose, and Empire o'er the Main.



Still may th'immortal Man his Cares repeat,  
To make his Blessings endless as they're great:  
Whilst *Malice* and *Ingratitude* confess  
They've strove for Ruin long without Success.  
When late, *Fove's* \* Eagle from the Pyle shall rise  
To bear the Victor to the boundless Skies,  
Awhile the God puts off Paternal Care,  
Neglects the Earth to give the Heav'ns a Star.  
Near Thee, + *Alcides*, shall the Heroe shine;  
His Rays resembling, as his Labours, Thine.

Had some fam'd *Patriot*, of the *Latin* Blood,  
Like *Julius* Great, and like *Octavius* Good,  
But thus preserv'd the *Latin* Liberties,  
Aspiring Columns soon had reach'd the Skies:  
Loud *Io's* the proud Capitol had shook,  
And all the Statues of the Gods had spoke.

No more the Sage his Raptures cou'd pursue:  
He paus'd; and *Celsus* with his Guide withdrew.

\* Read the Ceremony of the Apotheosis.

+ Hercules, a Constellation near Ariadne's Crown.